

# The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 51—No. 20.

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1873.

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5d. Stamped.

## HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

### PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

**THIS EVENING (Saturday), May 17, Donizetti's Opera, "LA FAVORITA."** Fernando, Signor Antonio Aramburo; Alfonso XI., Signor Rota; Balassare, Signor Medini; Gasparo, Signor Rinaldini; Inez, Mdle. Baermeister; and Leonora, Mdle. Tietjens.

Director of the Music and Conductor—Sir MICHAEL COSTA.

The incidental Divertissement by Mdle. Blanche Riccio, Mdle. Gedda, Mdle. Gosselin, and the Corps de Ballet.

#### Next Week.—Extra Night.

Fifth Appearance of Madame Christine Nilsson.

MONDAY next, May 19, Verdi's Opera, "LA TRAVIATA." Alfredo, Signor Italo Campanini; Germont Giorgio, Signor Mendioroz; Violetta, Madame Christine Nilsson.

TUESDAY next, May 20, Rossini's Opera, "SEMIRAMIDE": Assur, Sig. Agnesi; Arsace, Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini; and Semiramide, Mdle. Tietjens.

#### EXTRA NIGHT.

THURSDAY next, May 22, Flotow's Opera, "MARTA": Lionello, Signor Italo Campanini; Plumkett, Signor Agnesi; Lord Cristiano, Signor Borello; Nancy, Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini; and Lady Enrichetta (Marta), Mdle. Alwina Valleria. In preparation, and will shortly be produced, Thomas's "MIGNON": Principal characters by Mdme. Christine Nilsson, Mdle. Irma di Murska, Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini, Signor Castelmary, Signor Agnesi, and M. Capoul.

Doors open at Eight; commence at Half-past Eight. Dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; gallery, 2s. Box-office open daily from Ten till Five.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—This Day, SATURDAY, May 17.—**  
GREAT FLOWER SHOW of the season, comprising all varieties of plants. Doors of the Palace open at ten. Barriers enclosing Show removed at twelve. The Band of the Coldstream Guards, under the direction of Mr. F. Godfrey, and the Orchestral Band of the Company, under the direction of Mr. Manns, will perform during the day. Arrangements have also been made with Miss Litton, of the Royal Court Theatre (for this one occasion only), to bring down the whole of her company for the performance of Messrs. A'Beckett and F. Tomlin's highly successful Burlesque, "THE HAPPY LAND," with the original cast. Commence at three p.m. Reserved seats for this performance, 5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s., can be booked in advance. Admission to the Palace, Seven Shillings and Sixpence, or by ticket purchased before the day, Five Shillings, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—Shakespeare's "HAMLET."—In**  
compliance with a generally expressed desire, the Directors have made arrangements for THREE ADDITIONAL PERFORMANCES OF HAMLET, with the same selected cast, under the direction of Mr. Tom Taylor, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Next, commencing at 2.20 each day. Stalls, (a few), price 5s. and Half-a-Crown, can now be secured at the Ticket Office, Exeter Hall, and of the usual agents. Admission to the Palace One Shilling, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

**DR. HANS VON BÜLOW** will give one more RECITAL on THURSDAY, May 22, at St. James's Hall, at Three o'clock. Tickets now ready. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; balcony, 3s.; admission, 1s. Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; Chappell; Lamborn Cook; Olivier; Mitchell; Cramer; Keith Prowse; Hays; Czerny; Schott; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

**ROYAL ALBERT HALL CHORAL SOCIETY.—**  
SATURDAY Evening next, May 24, at Seven o'clock. Popular BALLAD and PART-SONG CONCERT. Overture, "Fra Diavolo." Madrigal, "My bonnie lass;" Song, "There is a green hill." Miss Dones: Part Song, "O, hush thee, my babe;" Shadow Song, Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington; Madrigal, "Down in a flow'ry vale." Ballad, "Tis better not to know." Mr. Sims Reeves; Motett, "Judge me, O God;" Miserere Scene ("Il Trovatore"), Mdme. Sherrington and Mr. Sims Reeves; Song, "I'm a roamer." Mr. Thurlay Beale; Part Song, "Sweet and low;" Song, "Tom Bowling." Mr. Sims Reeves; Part Song, "O, who will o'er the downs so free;" Ballad, "Hearts of Oak." Mr. Thurlay Beale; Cornelia March. Band and chorus of 1200. Conductor—Mr. BARNBY. Doors open at Six; commence at Seven. Boxes, £2 5s., £1 15s., and £1 1s.; stalls, 5s. and 4s.; balcony, 3s.; admission, 1s. Tickets at Novello's, 1, Berners-street, and 35, Poultry; the usual Agents; and at the Royal Albert Hall.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

### PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

**SATURDAY, May 17, "RIGOLETTO."** Gilda, Mdle. Albani; and Il Duca, Signor Nicolini.

Conductor, Signor Vianesi.

On MONDAY next, "DINORAH." Dinorah, Madame Adelina Patti; and Hoel, M. Maurel.

On TUESDAY next, "GUGLIELMO TELL," terminating with the Altorf scene.

On THURSDAY, "FAUST E MARGHERITA." Margherita, Mdle. Smerschl.

On FRIDAY, "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA." Rosina, Madame Adelina Patti.

On SATURDAY, May 24, "MARTHA." Lady Enrichetta, Mdle. Albani; and Lionello, Signor Bettini.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Conductor, Mr. G. W.**

CUSINS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—FIFTH CONCERT, MONDAY, May 26, at Eight o'clock. Symphony in C minor (Spohr); Concerto in G, No. 3 (Rubenstein); Pianoforte, Dr. Hans von Bülow. Overture, "Euryanthe" (Weber); Pastoral Symphony (Beethoven); Pianoforte Solos, Dr. Hans von Bülow. Overture, "Alfonso and Estrella" (Schubert). Stalls, 10s. 6d.; balcony, 7s.; unreserved, 5s.; admission, 2s. 6d. Stanley Lucas, Weber and Co., 84, New Bond Street, W.; Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; L. Cook; Chappell; Mitchell; R. Olivier; Keith, Prowse; and A. Hays.

**M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S RECITALS.—The**

SECOND RECITAL OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC, on TUESDAY, May 20, Three o'clock. ST. GEORGE'S HALL. Vocalists—Miss Purdy and Mr. Cattermole. Violin—Mr. Henry Holmes. Violoncello—M. Fague. Pianoforte—M. Billet. Accompanist—Mr. Alfred Gilbert. Programme.—Sonata, D major, Op. 18, pianoforte and violoncello (Rubinstein); Song, "Del mio dolce ardor" (Stradella); Scherzo, B minor, Op. 29 (Chopin); Rondo, E flat, pianoforte alone (Weber); Aria from the Stabat, "Pro peccatis" (Rossini); Andante and Scherzo, from the Second Sonata, Op. 78, pianoforte and violin (T. Raff); Song, "Marguerite" (Cowen); Grand Trio, D major, Op. 70, No. 1, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Beethoven). Tickets to be had at St. George's Hall, and of M. A. Billet, 17, Keppel Street, Russell Square.

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**MDLE. BONDY** begs to announce that her ANNUAL

MORNING CONCERT will take place on SATURDAY, May 24, at Three o'clock, at St. GEORGE'S HALL. Pianoforte—Mdle. Bondy. Violin—Herr Josef Ludwig. Viola—Signor Zerolmi. Violoncello—M. Vieuxtemps. Vocalists—Miss Arnine and Miss Jessie Royd. Conductor—Mr. A. Barth. Tickets to be had of Mdle. Bondy, 17, South Molton Street, Grosvenor Square; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; and at St. George's Hall.

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**MISS PURDY** will sing at Mlle. Ciabatta's Grand Morning Concert, on Monday; at St. George's Hall, the 20th and 22nd inst.; and at Signor Romano's Matinée, Belgrave Square, on the 28th. Address, 35, Victoria Road, Kensington, W.

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## HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

Since our last general report of the doings at this establishment there have been repetitions of *Lucia*, *Semiramide*, &c. The first performance of *Rigoletto*, a fine one—thanks to Sir Michael Costa and his orchestra—was the means of introducing three new comers of promise if not as yet of absolute excellence. The first, Mdle. Ostava Torriani, is possessor of a voice young and fresh, in addition to which she has a prepossessing appearance, combined with a certain charm of manner, of itself alone a recommendation. But Mdle. Torriani has much to learn both as singer and actress; and, in a part like Gilda, it need scarcely be added that want of experience, more especially in the former capacity, is a drawback. Nevertheless, Mdle. Torriani presented herself before an indulgent audience. She was applauded, not only in the melodious soliloquy, "Caro nome," but wherever a fitting occasion offered itself, and, in short, received the warmest encouragement. With youth in her favour, Mdle. Ostava Torriani may possibly become a finished lyric comedian. But all depends on her perseverance and method of study. Signor del Puente, to whom the arduous character of *Rigoletto* was confided, though apparently at home on the boards, and, in a dramatic sense, familiar with his work, has a barytone voice, the "timbre" of which (to employ the French accepted term) is more peculiar than telling. As a vocalist he does not exhibit all the requisites which exacting criticism demands. Nevertheless, he is in earnest, and though, in whatever he does, a certain amount of exaggeration must be taken into account, this, as he progresses, may be toned down. *Rigoletto*, we admit, is a professed buffoon; but, intrinsically, he is keener, cleverer, and wiser than all the courtiers put together—a fact, by the way, which was never lost sight of by Ronconi, whose *Rigoletto* was one of his best balanced and at the same time most striking impersonations. Signor del Puente, however, is evidently full of aspiration, and his career will be watched with interest by those to whom Italian opera—as "high mountains" to Lord Byron—is "a feeling." The third new comer, Mdle. Justine Macvitz, has the advantage of being extremely good looking, which serves her to excellent purpose in the part of Maddalena, sister and confederate of the professional assassin, Sparafucile (Signor Pro). Further than this, her voice is a *mezzo-soprano* of pleasing quality, and she is already in a fair way to learn the art of using it. Her stage demeanour is graceful, and the little she had to do (Maddalena only appearing in the last scene of the opera) she did naturally and well. When it is added that Signor Mongini played the Duke, and was encored in the popular air, "La donna è mobile," all that is necessary to say of *Rigoletto*, Verdi's masterpiece, has been said.

Is it required of us to speak in detail about the performance of the same composer's irrepressible *Travatore*, which came next in order of succession? We think not, and shall be content to record that the Leonora of Mdle. Tietjens is still, like her greater Leonora (*Fidelio*), what we have long known—in its way unequalled; that Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini being indisposed, Mdle. Macvitz undertook, at a very short notice, the part of the gipsy, Azucena; that Signor del Puente, as the Conte di Luna, made an advance in public favour, obtaining the accustomed "encore" for "Il balen del suo sorriso;" and that Signor Mongini roused the house to enthusiasm in "Ah si ben mio" the apostrophe to Leonora, which he was unanimously called upon to repeat, while its fiery sequel, "Di quella pira," declaimed and vociferated with all his well-known energy, won him a double "recall." The rest (including the usual "encore" for the "Miserere"—Tietjens and Mongini) may be taken for granted. The first night of the *Travatore* invariably "draws;" and the house was one of the fullest of the season.

Martha was selected for the first appearance of Signor Campanini, whose "silvery tones," as they have been styled, and occasionally somewhat languid manner, are well suited to the lackadaisical character of Lionel. Though his voice was not precisely in very good order, Signor Campanini exerted himself strenuously, and on the whole sang his best—as was shown in the soliloquy "M'appari tutt' amor," in which Lionel extols the perfections of his lost Martha. This raised an "encore" so hearty and general that the singer had no choice left but to repeat the air. Signor Campanini acted with intelligence. In Mdle. Ilma di Murka, as Martha, he had a worthy companion. The gifted Hungarian puts a stamp of her own upon every character she

essays. That she was compelled to give "Qui sola vergin rosa" twice will be taken for granted. Mdme. Trebelli (Nancy) was still somewhat indisposed, which necessitated the omission of the pretty duet with Plunkett, and also of the hunting song in Act III. The other encores were awarded to the "Spinning Wheel" quartet, and "Chi mi dirà," the apostrophe to beer (Act III.)—sung with remarkable *verve* by Signor Agnesi, almost as good a representative of Plunkett as can be remembered. Signor Borello made a capital Lord Tristan; and, for the most part, the execution of M. Flotow's opera was all that could be desired. As much may be said about the second representation of *Martha*, when Mdle. Alwina Valleria, another of Mr. Mapleson's recent acquisitions, took the part of the heroine, the rest of the cast being precisely as before. Mdle. Valleria, an American, if we are correctly informed, studied singing under Mr. Wallworth, at our Royal Academy of Music, and subsequently took lessons in the Italian school from Signor Ardit, the well-known orchestral conductor. In the concert-room she had already obtained acceptance; but this, we believe, was her first appearance on the lyric stage in England, although she has visited Italy and been honourably received. Mdle. Valleria is favourably endowed as regards personal appearance, and for one so young moves on the boards with ease and unstudied grace. Her voice, while still not cultivated to that degree which would enable her to fulfil every condition required from a dramatic singer, is agreeable in quality, especially in the upper register; and she already evinces a facility from which much may be reasonably expected. Not to enter into further particulars, we may add that Mdle. Valleria pleased the audience, and obtained the utmost encouragement from the beginning of the opera to the end. As a matter of course, she was called on to repeat "Qui sola vergin rosa," which she did—the second time having recourse to Moore's "Last Rose of Summer." Whereupon many of the audience expressed a desire to hear it again; but Sir Michael Costa, with good taste, would not permit of so ill a compliment to M. Flotow, who, though "The Last Rose of Summer" has contributed to the success of his most popular work on the continent, as in England, has written other pieces worthy a place in any opera of its kind.

Meanwhile, the indefatigable Mdle. Tietjens has added another part to her extensive repertory. It might seem rather too late for her to assume the garb of the unhappy Spanish Leonora; but, as in two other Leonoras—the Leonora of *Fidelio* and the Leonora of the *Travatore*—she has of recent years distanced all competitors, it was almost incumbent on her to complete the trilogy with the Leonora of Donizetti. She has now done so; and it is difficult to decide which of the three Leonoras is her happiest assumption—the devoted Leonora of Beethoven, the unintelligible, though exemplary, Leonora of Verdi, or the erring and repentant Leonora of Donizetti, who, like the heroine of the *Traviata*, would fain mend her ways when first made sensible of what true love absolutely consists. We can only say that the third Leonora of Mdle. Tietjens is worthy its two predecessors. *Finis coronat opus*. Never on any occasion has the accomplished lady more emphatically established her claim to be regarded, in her line, as the first of living artists. True, the music, in several instances, is somewhat too low for her voice, having been expressly composed for Madame Rosina Stoltz, a *mezzo-soprano*; but, with the tact of an experienced artist, Mdle. Tietjens knows well how to accommodate her voice to the text. Her dramatic conception of the part is admirable. A finer exhibition of histrionic power than the last scene, terminating with the death of Leonora at the feet of her compassionate lover, has rarely been witnessed.

Of Signor Aramburo, the new tenor, who appeared as Fernando, we prefer speaking on another occasion. That he possesses a legitimate tenor voice, of power and good quality, is undeniable; but about his ability to employ it advantageously there was no fair opportunity of judging until the last scene. The impassioned soliloquy, "Angiol d'amore" ("Spirito gentil"), in which Fernando, not the less enamoured because of his wrongs, dwells with eloquent expression upon the imaginary perfection he had dreamed of, was sung with true feeling, called for again, and repeated. As an actor, Signor Aramburo is at present not remarkable. His great scene with Alphonso XI., when Fernando breaks his sword and throws his *insignia* at the feet of the monarch who



has outraged him, went for nothing—so impassive and undramatic was Signor Aramburo. Signor Mendioroz, as the king, was excellent, as usual. New scenery, costumes, and stage effects, gave additional interest to the representation; and the musical combinations, as never fails to be the case when Sir Michael Costa is in the orchestra, were all that could be wished.

That the *Huguenots* of Meyerbeer, with Mdle. Tietjens at hand, should be one of the early productions of the season, might have been anticipated. Valentine was the part in which this gifted lady first appeared in London (1858), at Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket, under the never-to-be-forgotten direction of Mr. Lumley. The effect Mdle. Tietjens produced on that occasion must always be remembered by amateurs who were fortunate enough to be present; and now, so many years later, we find her playing the same character, with the same fire and enthusiasm. Our readers need be under no apprehension that we are about entertaining them with a fresh description of the *Huguenots*. We have only to say that the first performance this season at Her Majesty's Opera was, for the most part, a very fine one. Mdle. Tietjens was herself, and being associated with Mdle. Ilma di Murska, as Queen Margherita; Mdle. Trebelli-Bettini, as Urban; Signor Agnesi, as St. Bris; Signor Medini, as Marcel; and Signor Campanini, as Raoul, there could be little cause for dissatisfaction—more especially as the orchestral accompaniments, so gorgeous and varied, have rarely, if ever, been more effectively given. Signor Campanini's Raoul is not precisely what some future day we hope it may become; but it has unquestionable merit. There was a great house, and the audience were more than usually demonstrative.

On Saturday Madame Christine Nilsson made her second appearance; but as the opera was the same as on Tuesday week—viz., *Faust*—there is no more to be said on the subject. The *Huguenots* was repeated on Monday night; the *Traviata*, for Madame Nilsson's third appearance, was given on Tuesday; and *Faust*, on Thursday. *La Favorita* is announced for this evening. More in our next.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

At the second performance of *Guillaume Tell*, the part of Arnoldo was assigned to Signor Mongini, who, having concluded his engagement with Mr. Mapleson, has joined the company of Mr. Gye. This gentleman, like Herr Wachtel, has all the physical means to give with due effect the declamatory passages which Rossini has put into the mouth of Arnoldo; and perhaps he has rarely achieved a more decided success. The great duet with Tell, the great duet with Mathilde; the magnificent trio with Tell and Walter, thanks to the powerful voice and energetic delivery of Signor Mongini, roused the house to enthusiasm. The *Guillaume Tell* of Signor Maurel was even better than on the occasion of the first performance. This is saying no little. The rest was as before.

On Saturday night Mdle. Albani appeared as the heroine of Donizetti's *Linda di Chamouni*, and achieved another and a well-earned success. On the whole, the part of Linda, its exacting music and its uncommon demand on histrionic display taken into consideration, might have seemed beyond the physical means of Mr. Gye's interesting young *prima donna*. But Mdle. Albani went through the opera as if she had been playing the character of Linda for years past. She sang the *cavatina* in the first scene, "O luce di quest' anima," with no less fluency than grace; and gave due effect to the duet in which Linda indignantly repulses the advances of the designing old Marquis of Boisfleur (Signor Ciampi). In the scene where Linda proffers alms to Antonio, her father (whom she does not recognize), terminating with his malediction, Mdle. Albani was also intensely earnest, and could hardly have been associated with an Antonio more fitted to give requisite expression to the situation than Signor Maurel. After the despairing "Non e ver," in which the half-distraught maiden expresses, in passionate strains, her disbelief of the fact that Carlo has proved false, Mdle. Albani was thrice called before the footlights, in company with Mdle. Scalchi, whose Pierotto is well known as one of the best of recent years. As in everything Mdle. Albani does, there is a charm essentially her own. Signor Montanaro gave the music of Carlo (Linda's lover) like a thorough artist, and again proved himself a singer

of the legitimate Italian school. The performance generally (under Signor Vianesi's conducting) was good, and the house was well attended.

The operas performed during the current week have been *Masaniello*, with Signor Nicolini as Masaniello (Monday); the *Barbiere di Siviglia*—for the first appearance of Madame Adelina Patti (Tuesday); *Don Giovanni*, with Madame Patti as Zerlina and M. Faure as the hero (Thursday); *Masaniello* (Friday); and *Rigoletto* (to-night)—five performances in one week.

#### WHAT HANDEL BORROWED.

By DR. FERDINAND HILLER.\*

(Concluded from page 312.)

Handel, also, has slain his ten thousands, and, in his case, as in that of other great victors, the public does not enquire too curiously what means he employed. He appears to have made Molière's saying: "I take my own wherever I find it," an article of faith, though he may not have been aware of the fact. Dr. Crotch, an English musician, who has set a monstrous number of pieces from Handel's oratorios in a monstrous manner for the organ, though, notwithstanding, he was no foe of the illustrious master, names an incredibly large number of composers from whom Handel borrowed motives for choruses, airs, fugues, and even entire movements. Of Germans, the Doctor names Kuhnau, Habermann, Muffet, Kerl, and Telemann; of Italians, Leo, Porta, Carissimi, Stefani, Vinci, Corelli, Buononcini, and others. The book which we are promised by Herr Chrysander will throw more light upon the subject. Though that writer may see in such borrowings, or rather in the way in which they were turned to account, only new proofs of the grandeur, which no one doubts, of his hero, it is yet not to be supposed that he will allow any to pass unless they can stand the severest scrutiny. But we will consider for a few moments the justice of such borrowings; for, however much we may forgive in genius, (and forgiveness is easy, when it goes hand in hand with admiration,) genius is still subject to the eternal laws which govern mankind.

"Ich weiss dass mir nichts angehört  
Als der Gedanke, der ungestört  
Aus meiner Seele will fliessen."

Goethe exclaims—and belief in that much misunderstood fact, intellectual property, was never more eloquently put. It is precisely because the thought is *discovered*, because it streams involuntarily from us, that we feel so deeply the fact of its belonging to us—that, indeed, we feel it is a piece of our most inward selves. Now the more strongly a man of eminently creative mind must feel this with regard to his own creations, the greater should be his respect for the property of even his humblest brother. Whatever he may achieve by what he appropriates, whatever he may, by his higher power, make of it, and present to the world, does not alter the original conditions of the case. Is the sculptor allowed to steal even a piece of rough marble, because he is capable of creating out of it the statue of a goddess?

Moreover, how much do the men whose mission it has been to close a grand period of intellectual creation—how much, I say, do they not owe the predecessors whom they have eclipsed, or even caused to be forgotten? They find ready to their hand, and at their free disposal, the means to which their predecessors only gradually attained—the forms their predecessors organically developed are at their command—they breathe a purer air, they rejoice in a brighter light, and they are nourished on stronger things. On a mass of thoughts with which the intellectual atmosphere was filled they set the seal of their own powerful individuality, and Posterity names after them an entire epoch, and looks for its characteristics in their works alone.

With this process of drawing generally on the stores offered by the Past and Present, the great composers, to return to our special case, were content. The Handelian plan of appropriation for higher purposes was, with the exception of some few and rare instances, something foreign to them. That they, however, with the daring spirit of genius could accomplish musical transubstantiation is proved by the exceptional instances in question; as, for example, the metamorphosis of a Gigue by Bach into the

\* From the *Neue Freie Presse*.

great air in A major in the third act of *Iphigenia in Tauris* by Gluck, or the light connection of Mozart's *Requiem* with the introductory chorus of Handel's Funeral Ode on the death of Queen Caroline. However rare high mastery may be, it is always easier to prove it on a given subject than on one self-created, if only for the reason that, in making his choice, the composer can go to work with far calmer objectivity. Many a composer has probably achieved many a triumph which he would never have obtained by the narrow path of musical virtue.

The defenders of Handel will, perhaps, cite Carl Maria von Weber, who, in his ever young opera of *Der Freischütz*, is said to have used certain folk-melodies and dance-tunes. At any rate, he put them in their right place. But the difference in the two cases is great, if only from the mere fact that the pieces are folk-songs—which are, perchance, common property to a greater extent than anything else. With their strongly marked local colour, they belong almost to the district in which the drama is laid, and nothing can compensate for their absence. Anything to be created to supply their place must be an imitation approximating as closely as possible to the originals, and, under such circumstances, the honourable course is to “steal.” A great deal is to be said in Handel's excuse. In the first place, we may cite the sketchy way in which, at that period, many compositions were put down on paper. The figured bass challenging the musician to interweave something of his own in another's music induced him, perchance, to appropriate that music altogether as his own. In those times, too, there did not prevail that irrepressible impulse after originality which, at the present day, leads to so much musical buffoonery. Natural invention and masterly treatment were the first things required. We have utterly reversed all this. Very, very much less music was then engraved and published, and the copying of manuscript music may tend more easily to piracy, than when the music, if not cast in, is multiplied by bronze. Finally, Handel was a very great man; he could hardly scan with sufficient accuracy his far spreading seigniories to know at every moment where their boundaries lay. In the heat of the chase, he shot at his neighbour's game—and it was not often that he missed his mark.

Erba and Urlo ought to be thankful, some persons may even say; has not Handel obtained for them a small immortality, which they would otherwise scarcely have achieved? Yes—the immortality of the fly in amber! Thank you. No one cares what the old gentlemen possessed; we only want to know what was taken from them and to what use it was applied. At any rate, a very degrading position.

It is not the artistically wonderful manner in which Handel turned to account what he borrowed that renders us forbearing towards his weakness; it is the fabulously rich store of his original creations which push it into the remotest background. What are his appropriations when set against his forty operas, twenty oratorios, his odes, psalms, hymns, serenades, cantatas, suites, water-music, and fire-work music? They disappear like specks of cloud in the star-spangled heavens.

I must, however, revert to one fact, though, properly speaking, it does not at all concern me. It is the comparison mentioned at the commencement of this bit of chit-chat, as instituted by Herr Chrysander, between Handel's oratorios and Shakespeare's dramas.

Strange; while Gervinus, the twin worshipper of Handel, endeavours in every way to elevate him out of his natural sphere, and place him side by side with the greatest of poets, Herr Chrysander drags down the latter with the same object. It was from tales, plays, chronicles, and songs that Shakespeare fashioned his dramas, was it? It was out of the abundance of the richest soul that ever found a place in a human breast that he fashioned them, or, at least, those which have rendered him in our eyes a godlike seer. Though Handel's Herculean musical strength, and his intellectual clearness and freshness, as well as his heroic simplicity in the midst of all his artistic mastery, together with his musically healthy understanding, will, probably, secure for his oratorios a longer life than will fall to the lot of other, and, partially, higher musical works; the immeasurable significance belonging to Shakespeare's works is something which they do not, and never can, possess. For, above tone and colour, above stone and above bronze, does the word stand with its airy sound, and, despite everything, eternal duration.

## CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

(From E. Pauer's Lectures on the most Celebrated Composers for the Pianoforte in connection with General History of Music.)

The composer who has established the firmest hold upon the people's hearts is undoubtedly Carl Maria von Weber. He is in one respect, alike in England and in Germany, the people's composer. His *Freischütz* enjoys a greater popularity than any of Mozart's operas; some of his piano pieces are greater favourites than even the Songs Without Words of Mendelssohn; and a great many of his songs and choruses have become rational in their wide diffusion. Among composers, Weber is a German of the Germans; none of his countrymen was so entirely uninfluenced by the French or Italian music as he, and it was this very independence and trust in his own powers which endeared him so much to his own countrymen, and commanded in such a high degree the respect of other nations, and especially of that French nation, at that very time, in 1813-14, engaged in mortal strife against the patriotic chivalry of the newly-awakened nationality of Germany. The melodies of Weber, set to the fiery lyrics of the patriot-poet and warrior, Theodor Körner, the Tyrtæus of the German camp, kindled the enthusiasm of the young German volunteers to absolute self-devotion. In the character of Max, in Weber's *Freischütz*, the Teuton recognized the symbol of the German huntsman, and in Agatha he found the picture of the tender, loving German maiden. The fresh, vigorous huntsmen's choruses again struck an answering chord, not only in German hearts, but found an echo in every manly breast in Europe. For this reason, Weber's name will ever remain as that of a composer of truly cosmopolitan fame. At the same time he is as thoroughly German as Robert Burns was Scotch, Oliver Goldsmith English, and Beranger French. Besides this striking characteristic there is another feature in Weber's music which brings with it an irresistible charm; that is, his romantic feeling. In Weber the romantic tendency is paramount; and in his three great operas, *Der Freischütz*, *Euryanthe*, and *Oberon*, he shows this feeling in three different phases. In the *Freischütz*, we are made acquainted with the romance of the hunter's life; in *Euryanthe*, (a work too little known in England) it is the chivalrous French romance which delights us; and in *Oberon*, we revel in the romance of the fairy world. It is quite natural that after the turmoil of a daily, and sometimes most uninteresting work, we should delight in a translation into the mimic world of fancy; and if such fairylike and fanciful creations are produced in such beauty as Weber can call forth, the change becomes not only refreshing, but elevating.

The elucidation of the nature of romantic music would offer a most tempting theme of speculation and general interest, if we had time to enter on a disquisition concerning the true origin of this most important feature of the musical art. But time presses, and we must perforce be satisfied with the simple observation that, generally, romanticism is understood to depend more on the fancy of the human mind than on set rules; and, that regarding its origin, it might, perhaps, be sought among the Troubadours of Provence, a class of musicians represented in England by the Minstrels, and in Germany by the Minnesänger. Englishmen cherish as a graceful historic recollection the charming episode of Richard Cœur de Lion and his faithful Blondel. But I must refrain from entering on this most interesting subject, and return to my task of pointing out the position of Weber in musical history.

It cannot be asserted that either Bach or Handel, Mozart or Haydn, and, least of all, Beethoven, influenced Weber. Owing to an irregular education, Weber never mastered the rules of composition to such an extent as to acquire a systematic, regular, and even style, and such a continuity as we admire in the works of the above-mentioned masters. Amongst the great composers, Weber alone is fragmentary and rhapsodical. His episodes sometimes appear to have no clear or decisive reasons; each of his andantes or his overtures possesses as much material as Mozart or Haydn would have required for two andantes or two overtures. With regard to the overtures, however, it must be admitted that Weber desired to present in each a kind of musical prologue, indicating the main character of the opera; and, indeed, his unfulfilled intention to explain the mystery which hangs over the

story of *Euryanthe* by the overture, combined with an apparition on the stage curtain, is a highly artistic and refined device. Strange to say, the world is generally unaware that an idea, for which it gave credit to Meyerbeer, in his *Pardon de Ploermel*, belongs by right to Weber, who could not execute it from want of efficient stage arrangements.

But the fragmentary style, which, according to the true laws of the art, could be considered a reproach to Weber, is, under the circumstances, not a fault. Whenever he breaks off he is sure to introduce a phrase of such singular beauty, and such subtle charm, that the hearer is almost glad of its appearance, and readily forgives the unobservance of logical principles. With regard to harmonious changes, Weber is mostly very happy; there is in his modulations a highly pleasing euphony, to which, however, power and spirit are never sacrificed. The application of his fundamental bass is sometimes very defective and faulty, his part writing is in some instances forced and clumsy. The accompaniments, again, are not always in true relation to the melodies; all these defects arise from the want of a proper, regular, and patient training. But what are these deficiencies when compared to the high qualities of which his works can boast? For richness, fire, enthusiasm, he is as distinguished as for tenderness, grace, and sweetness of feeling. Besides, the conclusion of his overtures and sonatas displays a climax which carries us on with an irresistible might, and in which he is unparalleled, if we accept a single instance—and that is Beethoven's third overture to *Leonora*.

For Weber's contributions to pianoforte literature—the works which claim our more immediate attention here—we cannot be too thankful. The piano seems under his hand transformed into a new instrument. Chopin, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Liszt, and Thalberg have so largely profited by the initiative taken by Weber, that it is but bare justice to point out the improvements we owe directly to him. Before Weber, Dussek was the first who used the chords up to the interval of the tenth. Weber accepted this treatment almost unconditionally; but whilst the sentimentality of Dussek leads to a cumbrous oppressive heaviness, Weber's healthy enthusiasm retains a greater richness, and brings out every effect with a clear and transparent flow. Weber is the first who emancipated the left hand entirely from the right. For example, in the slow movement of his second sonata the left hand sometimes represents the part of a tenor (or baritone) singer, whilst the right hand indicates the higher (treble) voice. Again, he is the first who applied, in an artistic manner, the peculiarly charming effect of accompanying the melody with the shortest possible chords, so as to throw, as it were, the chief singing quality into the right hand, which executes the theme. He also invented the modern valse; his ever fresh "Invitation à la Valse" marks the dawn of a new era. To the Polonaise he imparted its true character. If we compare all the Polonaises written before or during his time with that splendid, brilliant, chivalrous Polonaise of Weber's in E major, we shall find them tame and insipid indeed. In short, Weber infused into the piano a new soul; like Beethoven, he extracted from it a richness of sound which bids fair to rival the majestic strains of the organ; he makes an instrument, deemed cold and passionless till then, discourse tender love, and so assists in rendering it what it became with Chopin, Schumann, and Mendelssohn, the exponent of the innermost emotions of the soul.

It is not astonishing that Weber's innovations were not by any means readily accepted by his contemporaries; neither Hummel nor Cramer put much faith in his doctrines. Both pronounced his works incongruous, badly constructed, difficult to finger, and impracticable in design. But posterity did justice to Weber; and his Concertstück, his two Polonaises, his *Invitation à la Valse*, and his *Rondo in E flat*, enjoy a popularity rivalling that of Beethoven's Sonatas and Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words. In personal character Weber was one of the most amiable of men. Weak health, indeed, made him sensitive and irritable; but he was so sincere, and so thoroughly noble-minded, that his failings only endeared him the more to his friends—they were so thoroughly a part of the man.

On modern music Weber had a decided influence. Not only, as we have stated, have Schumann, Chopin, and Mendelssohn largely profited by his originality, but his influence on the

talented opera composer, Marschner, and on the celebrated Richard Wagner, is undeniable. None of his works, indeed, will bear comparison with Beethoven's creations. They would not stand this severe test; and it seems that Weber himself was aware of the colossal greatness of his contemporary, though he was not at all sympathetically inclined towards Beethoven, and even uttered some very injudicious remarks about the "confusion" which pervades Beethoven's style. But when these remarks escaped him, Weber was only twenty-three years old, and in riper years he shewed, in an unmistakable manner, that his opinion had changed; and when *Leonora* was brought out in Dresden under his direction, he took the greatest possible care to render the performance of the opera worthy of its celebrated composer.

#### HANDEL'S "BELSHAZZAR."

Those who looked with apprehension upon what is called the "progress" of music in our day may find some comfort in the avidity with which ancient masterpieces are hunted up and once more brought out to the light. The advanced school of musical faith and practice is, in truth, but one development among several of the restless spirit which pervades that particular domain of modern thought. It has its correlative and its corrective in the revived attention paid to the great works of the past—an attention which seems, year by year, to increase both its force and the area of its operations. How completely Bach has been resuscitated of late there is no need to tell; while, as regards Bach's great contemporary, Handel, an obvious disposition exists not only to know more about him where he is already known, but to make his music familiar where hitherto it has not penetrated. Readers of foreign musical news must, latterly, have been struck with this fact; and it behoves England, the Handelian country *par excellence*, to see that in comprehensive acquaintance with the master's works it keeps the place so long held by right of passionate regard for his genius. Of late years not much has been done to extend a knowledge of Handel among us; the societies upon which this task naturally devolves contenting themselves with the regular presentation of a few of his greatest works. Happily there arose the "Oratorio Concerts"—now merged with the Albert Hall Society—and *Jephtha* was revived amid lively marks of public satisfaction. To the same energy and artistic zeal we are now indebted for the awaking of *Belshazzar* from a sleep of twenty-five years—that time having elapsed since it was produced by the Sacred Harmonic Society, under the direction of the late Mr. Surman, who, whatever his faults as a conductor, was not one of the "rest and be thankful" school. Handel's tenth oratorio may lack the sublimity of the *Messiah*, the grandeur of *Israel in Egypt*, and the patriotic enthusiasm of *Judas Maccabæus*; but, even apart from the fact that nothing inspired by genius should die, it deserves revival, because it contains some of the master's noblest efforts—"thunderbolts" like those which extorted the admiration of Beethoven for the greatest of musical Vulcans. Doubtless, the work has drawbacks, and it is equally beyond question that these will keep *Belshazzar* out of the highest class of public favourites; but the drawbacks are not so much Handel's fault as the fault of the libretto. Charles Jennens, Esq., of Gopsall Hall, may have been a great personage in his day—none but a great personage would ride from Bloomsbury to Fleet Street in a carriage and four simply to correct "proofs"—but he was a bad poet, and a worse dramatist. His bad poetry appeared in the "Il Moderato," which he associated with the "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" of Milton; and his worse dramatism is shown in the book of *Belshazzar*. As an oratorio libretto, nothing could be less happy than this. It opens with some trite moralising by Nitocris, Belshazzar's Queen, who is made an eminently religious person and a decided "bore." Next, a certain Gobrias is introduced, bearing a deadly grudge against Belshazzar for some reason which enters not at all into the plot. Cyrus is made a conscious instrument in the hands of the Jewish God, about whom he knew nothing, or, knowing, cared nothing; and, alone among the characters introduced, Daniel stands out as something like a truthful as well as heroic figure. The action is even more absurd than, on the whole, are the *dramatis personæ*. In proof of this only one example need be cited. At the crisis of the story,



when Daniel has interpreted the writing on the wall to the terrified monarch, and the situation is one of almost agonising interest, Mr. Jennens puts up Nitocris with a maternal lecture, which ends the scene! True, we get another glimpse of Belshazzar after the entry of Babylon by Cyrus; but then he is flourishing his sword, and crying, "Cyrus, come on!" like a drunken Macbeth. Handel, familiar as he was with bad books, must have suppressed a good deal of "noble rage" when setting this. True, he wrote, his thanks to Jennens for what he called "a very fine and sublime oratorio;" but Handel was a needy *impresario*, and Jennens a "person of quality" and a patron of genius. The master did not give much time to the composition of *Belshazzar*, though he appears to have refrained almost entirely from "paste and scissors;" and the result is an overture distinguished by one of Handel's clearest and most spirited fugues, a number of airs and solo pieces, none of which can claim high rank, save a masterpiece of florid composition, entitled "The leafy honours of the field," and a succession of choruses that are alone warrant for the occasional performance of the whole. It is upon these choruses that the claims of *Belshazzar* chiefly rest, and no claims could have a better foundation. Every great quality in Handel's choral writing is here exemplified. We have the picturesque in the defiant taunt of the Babylonians, "Behold, by Persia's hero made;" the profoundly religious in the comments of the captive Jews upon what happens around them; and the bacchanal in the wine-inspired utterances of Belshazzar's Court; while the dramatic element pervading all reaches the highest conceivable climax in the expression of horror and dismay which follow the appearance of the supernatural writing. As examples of contrapuntal skill, some of the choruses have few superiors in the works of their author, but nothing is sacrificed to mere scholasticism. Handel, better than any man before or since, knew how to make science the handmaid of imagination; and here, while science is splendidly conspicuous, imagination reigns supreme. In the scene of Belshazzar's banquet, Handel put forth all his strength as a matter of course. Doing so, he rose to the demands of a tremendous situation, though encumbered by Mr. Jennens' muse, and showed himself what none will dispute his right to be called—a prince among dramatic composers.

The musical world is much indebted to Mr. Barnby and the Albert Hall Choral Society for producing *Belshazzar* on Wednesday week, and for doing so in a manner that invested the occasion with special importance. Mr. Barnby did not follow a recent example of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and abstain from "cuts" but—though freely and wisely using the knife—he presented the work according to Handel's "score," the only supplement being an organ part, written with much taste by Mr. G. A. Macfarren. The effect was strictly Handelian, and, if somewhat colourless to those familiar with the vivid hues of modern orchestration, it had an interest, antiquarian and other, more than sufficient to justify the experiment. Most of the choruses were given in a manner extremely creditable to the conductor and his subordinates, bearing in mind the novelty of the work; and the solos, though marred to some extent by the accident of indisposition, challenged a good deal of applause. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington's delivery of the florid air above referred to was a masterpiece of vocal skill. The music requires extraordinary facility and consummate judgment—qualities which Madame Lemmens added to the effect of her pure soprano tones in achieving a remarkable success. Cyrus had an excellent representative in Madame Patey, all his solos, but especially his recitatives, being given with rare dignity of style and artistic power. Mr. Cummings, for whom indulgence was asked, on account of hoarseness, sang the music of Belshazzar with spirit and unflinching good taste; and Mr. Patey must be warmly commended for taking the place of Mr. Lewis Thomas, whom illness compelled to retire, and for singing the important music of Daniel with much acceptance. Mr. Thurley Beale represented Gobrias in a manner as efficient as unobtrusive. It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Barnby conducted well, or that Dr. Stainer was a capital organist.

BRUNSWICK.—Herr Max Bruch's grand romantic opera, *Die Loreley*, words by E. Geibel, was produced at the Ducal Theatre on the 25th April.

## ALBERT HALL CONCERTS.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

With the return of spring the morning concerts of the great halls and palaces of the "Crystal" type are beginning. The first of the opera-concerts at the Floral Hall took place on Saturday week; the summer series of opera-concerts at the Crystal Palace commenced last Saturday; the new Alexandra Palace opens with a concert of unusual magnitude, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, on Saturday next; and during the last fortnight performances of music, for the most part classical, and all of a high character, have been given daily at the Albert Hall.

The Albert Hall concerts are under the conductorship of Mr. Barnby, and, though chiefly orchestral, do not exclude vocal music. The managers are Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.; and programmes of each concert, or, at least, a large number of programmes, have been issued, bearing interesting and valuable annotations by Mr. Joseph Bennett. Some analysis of works elaborately constructed, some account of the origin of works holding a recognized place in the history of musical art, are now looked for in connection with all concert schemes of importance; and Mr. Bennett's elucidatory criticism is just what is wanted to increase the interest of amateurs in compositions which, however eloquent in themselves, say something more than they themselves contain to hearers informed as to the particular circumstances under which they were originally produced. Mr. Barnby's orchestra, fifty strong, includes some distinguished professors among the soloists, and is generally well composed. Playing daily the same pieces, or pieces of the same kind, under the same conductor, the well-balanced little band may be expected to attain the same sort of excellence that has long distinguished the band of the Crystal Palace. Each programme, as a rule, contains a symphony or concerto and two overtures, with or without vocal music; so that in the course of the six months during which the first series of these "orchestral performances" is to last, not only may every master be fully represented, but every great instrumental work in existence might be produced. The managers profess to give these concerts "with a view to an adequate exposition of the art of music, and generally to its advancement in this country;" and, really, such an opportunity of acquiring familiarity with the masterpieces of music has never been placed within reach of the English or of any other public before. The concerts are not given on the supposition that subscribers will attend them daily. They will probably, however, attract a certain number of regular frequenters, to whom the performances will be, in regard to music, what a course of reading would be in regard to literature. For this reason it might be advisable to systematize the programme; giving, for instance, the symphonies of the great masters separately and consecutively, master by master, in historical order. An inhabitant of Kensington or the neighbourhood devoting an hour or two to the hearing of orchestral music every day for six months, would at the end of that period have heard about as much as a subscriber to the Philharmonic Concerts hears in a quarter of a century. It is obvious, too, that during that time he might, in the way of purely orchestral pieces, hear everything remarkable that music has produced. Such a persistent listener would, at the end of his course, laugh at the pretensions of Philharmonic subscribers to be considered connoisseurs on the strength of having sat out some six or eight symphonies year after year. Indeed, if the best orchestral music be worth hearing at all, it must be worth hearing much more frequently than one has the opportunity of hearing it now. The native and foreign aristocrats of Vienna, for whom Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven wrote their quartets, were in the habit of hearing chamber music every day; but owing, no doubt, to the expense of getting together a number of suitable players, also to bad management and want of faith in the music itself, it has never been customary to offer to the public in general—nor to a select and highly-charged public, except at rare intervals—those symphonies and overtures which must have been written for large audiences, as quartets were written for a certain number of aristocratic connoisseurs.

With six performances a-week it would be inexcusable not to give specimens of every kind of orchestral music held in fair esteem; and Wagner, Liszt, Brahms, are all mentioned among

the composers whose works are to be presented at Mr. Barnby's concerts. As for Schumann, he is already counted among the classics. "The works of acknowledged great masters, from Sebastian Bach to Schumann, will of course be largely drawn upon," says the prospectus. Finally, with a view to the encouragement of musical composition in England, we are assured that particular attention will be paid to the works of native composers. It is even said that "prominence" will be given to them. Hitherto this excellent idea seems only to have been carried out in so far as regards compositions by Mr. Sullivan, whose beautiful *Tempest* music figures in one of the programmes. It appears, however, that a number of new works have been sent in at the invitation of Her Majesty's Commissioners, and that these, with others which may hereafter be submitted, "will, if found worthy, be publicly performed." Opportunities, too, are to be offered to "young English artists" (and young foreign artists also, without doubt) of making known their talent, vocal or instrumental; so that these well-planned concerts may do good in many more ways than one. "Recitals" of opera are, as a rule, uninteresting, and they rarely serve to give a correct idea of the work "recited." It is proposed, however, to reserve certain Wednesdays (not yet fixed) for this kind of performance. Wagner, it may be presumed, will be the chief sufferer at these "recitals." He is just the composer who, to be heard at his best—indeed, to be heard at all—should be heard on the stage, with all the scenic appliances of which his works stand so much in need. For which reason he is always presented to us in fragments at concerts.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The first appearance of that universal favourite, Madame Adelina Patti, has been for many years the crowning event of the season. So it proved to be again on Tuesday night last, when the house was crowded to the ceiling. Boxes, stalls, amphitheatre, and galleries were all full; and an audience more determined to be pleased has rarely assembled in a theatre. The first glimpse of the great artist, when she showed her face at the balcony window, was the signal for a burst of hearty recognition, and when she came forward in the drawing-room scene she was literally overwhelmed with applause. Her delivery of the famous soliloquy, "Una voce poco fa," which no singer in our remembrance has ever rendered with such dramatic point and meaning or with such wonderful vocal dexterity, at once secured her triumph—as it has often done before. Madame Patti embellishes this "cavatina" as profusely as any of her predecessors or contemporaries; but whatever ornaments she introduces are in admirable keeping (as Rossini himself admitted); and if that were not strictly the case, her manner of executing them is finished to such perfection that even the most obdurate stickler for the text of the master in its integrity could hardly find anything to criticize. Equally good was the duet with Figaro, "Dunque io son,"—in which the *finesse* and captivating grace of Madame Patti are quite on a level with her singing—higher praise than which could hardly be awarded. The handing over to Figaro of the *billet* which the intriguing "factotum" was so anxious to persuade her to write, and, which, to his astonishment, he finds already written, was a master-stroke which only a consummate mistress of her art could achieve with such perfect ease and spontaneity. In the "Lesson Scene" Madame Patti introduced the celebrated "valse" of Venzano, years ago made notorious by the facile execution of Madame Gassier. This was given by Madame Patti with a fluency, *verve*, and brilliancy rarely excelled. We need hardly add that she roused the house to enthusiasm, the result being an encore as unanimous as it was hearty. Instead of repeating the air of Venzano, however, Madame Patti acknowledged the compliment by a delivery of the English ballad, "Home, sweet home," as unaffected and exquisite as could be dreamt of. This also the audience would fain have heard again; but the gifted songstress was obdurate (wherein she exhibited good taste), and so the opera went on without further interruption in its melodious course. In conclusion, Madame Patti's voice was never in finer condition; her vocalization was never more finished; her acting never more impulsive, sympathetic, and true to nature. Such a Rosina as hers has seldom, if ever, been matched. A more triumphant "*rentrée*" could not have been desired, even by the accomplished lady's most ardent admirers.

The other characters were sustained as before.

#### MR. RIDLEY PRENTICE'S CONCERT.

An excellent entertainment of classical music was given on Wednesday evening in Hanover Square Rooms by Mr. Ridley Prentice, assisted by Miss Katherine Poyntz, M<sup>me</sup>. Patey, Mr. W. H. Cummings, vocalists; Messrs. Lazarus, Henry Holmes, Folkes, Hann, Reed, and Pettit, instrumentalists. A good audience assembled, and were right well regaled; first, by Schubert's fragmentary Quartet, in C minor, and then, in due order, by Mendelssohn's Variations in D major, for piano and violin; Beethoven's *Sonata Appassionata*; two violin solos by H. Holmes and Beethoven respectively; Weber's Duo Concertante in E flat, for piano and clarinet; Prout's Pianoforte Quintet in G major; and one of the *Noveletten* of Schumann. Truly, "a feast of fat things;" and, adequately served as it was, nothing but satisfaction resulted. Mr. Prentice made his greatest effect—though he played admirably throughout—in the Sonata of Beethoven. A perfect artistic spirit animated this performance, and was allied to cultivated executive powers. Naturally, therefore, Mr. Prentice achieved a complete success, and established his claim to rank among the best of our native pianists, which is saying not a little, now that we are getting to know more and more of the foreigners. Mr. Prentice was capitally supported by the capital artists we have named, and the entire concert passed off well.

#### EXHIBITION CONCERTS.

The works performed at these concerts during the present week have been Mendelssohn's *Italian* Symphony, the *Concertstück* of Weber (Chevalier de Kontaki), the overtures to Hérold's *Pré aux Clercs*, Gounod's *Mock Doctor*, Weber's *Der Freischütz*, Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, and a ballet air from Schubert's *Rosamunde*, besides various songs, &c. On Friday and Saturday last an appearance was made by the first of the young English artists whom the concerts are intended so largely to help. The *débütante* in question was Mr. W. Henry Thomas (son of the well-known basso of that ilk), who played Mozart's Pianoforte Concerto in C (No. 14) with entire success. A work better adapted to test his powers could hardly have been chosen, inasmuch as it demands extreme facility combined with refined taste and expression. These demands, it is no exaggeration to say, were met by Mr. Thomas in a style which spoke volumes for his musicianship and executive skill. Mr. Thomas is an *élève* in a good school. His playing is unexaggerated and unaffected, not seeking to perch the performer upon the composer's shoulders, but seeking rather to act the secondary part of a faithful and reverent interpreter. Let the young man persevere along the good road he has begun to travel; at the other end of it there assuredly will be found all the honour which a true artist craves.

#### MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

The theatrical season, which ended with a varied programme for the benefit of the chorus-singers, on Thursday last, began on July 2, 1872. Since that date—no less than 180 nights—the house (or, as it is called here, *La Salle Monsigny*) has been open.

The first four months, devoted mostly to opera, consisted of 68 nights, during which there were produced 13 grand operas, 15 operas comique, 2 operas bouffe, 5 operettas, and 6 vaudevilles. The principal artists engaged for the same period being Mesdames. Lebel, Guérin, Papin, Muret-Mézéray, César, and Fontenay Ladois; Messrs. Ketten, Millet, Colomb, Viard, Bresson, Horeb, Fronty, Kinnel, Depoitiers, and Feitlinger.

From October 31 till Feb. 27, the Saison d'hiver was mostly dramatic. On 71 nights were produced 72 vaudevilles, 1 opera bouffe, 1 opera comique, 2 operettas. Artists, Mesdames Petit, Lejeune, Daubrey, and Faigle; Messrs. de Palfrey, Magrim, Gaston, Moreau, Lodève, Caron, and Karf.

March 1 to May 8, "*opera encore*," 20 premières representations, consisting of 12 grand operas, 4 operas comiques, and 4 vaudevilles. Artists, Madame Depoitiers, Noaille, Champenois, Geraldine, Faigle; Messrs. Bresson, Fronty, Depoitiers, Kinnel, and Bouraud.

It would, of course, be of no use to think of much detail on the above figures and facts relating to the pieces produced, repeated,



applauded, and otherwise received; but I may mention that among the best received, and, therefore, more frequently "on the boards," were *Romeo and Juliette*, M. Ketten as Romeo, Mdle. Lebel, the heroine; *Les Huguenots*, M. Horeb as Marcel; *Docteur Crispin* (*Crispino e la Comare*); and last, not least, *Hamlet*, Fronty impersonating the "black Prince," and Kinnel the father, whose spirit is moved to "appear again" after his farewell (during this season, not "for one night only," but for six and a benefit) on a terrace, in the small hours of morning, under the influence of much chalk on his physiognomy and the lime light.

I must now run down the scale, and, after relating how grand operas, &c., were received, record the fact that on Friday last, about 10 a.m., large posters were seen on every available space announcing that an English circus troupe would give performances on the following three days. On each occasion the tent (I was nearly writing "house") was crammed, and that, too, with all the *élite* of Boulogne. You see, the "season" was a short one, and then we had a big drum, two cornets, an ophicleide, and French horn, by way of orchestra. Paraffin lamps on a hoop ("and smelt so—pah!") instead of gas, and other refinements appertaining to the "ring," the sawdust, and the merry (?) clown—which are not at the *Salle Monsigny*, or the *Etablissement*—It takes a month's hard work to "get up" a concert of good music, with good artists, and the number of nights the theatre was really full during the whole season might be numbered in "units." Well, "Chaqu'un à son gout," and "Chaqu'un a son gout!" and I don't think much of that of the Boulognaises.

"After the circus was over" I was returning with the crowd through a narrow street, on a corner wall of which the moon (suddenly appearing from behind a cloud) shone brightly on a blue poster thereto affixed. The word "circus" in large black letters caught my eye, and I visibly shivered (it was a cold night), for suddenly from behind the blue poster burst forth a piece of a yellow one, and, in large type, the word *Hamlet* appeared. I fully expected the "ghost" to appear also, but the moon which might have "promoted" the scene and lent her aid (like a limelight), suddenly disappeared, and so did I (to-bed). S. C.

#### MUSIC IN VIENNA.

(From a Correspondent.)

As already announced in these columns, the Society of the Friends of Music gave two grand concerts on the 4th and 11th inst. respectively. The programme of the first—the Schubert concert—contained the following compositions by Schubert: Symphony in B minor (two movements); *Sei mir gegrüsst*, "Liebesbotschaft," and "Ungeduld," sung by Herr Walter; "Litanei," and "Der Friede sei mit Euch," sung by the Vocal Association; "Mädchen's Klage," and "Gretchen am Spinnrade," sung by Mdle. Ehn; "Der Entfernten," and "Mondenschein," sung by the Vienna Association for Male Voices. Furthermore, the band played two Marches, and Herr Lewinsky spoke a "Festgruss," written by Dr. Mosenthal. The vocal portion of the concert was conducted by Herr Kremser, and the instrumental, by Herr Dessoff. The programme of the other concert comprised only works by Beethoven; they were: *Leonore* Overture, No. 3; "Adelaide," sung by Herr Walter; Air from *Fidelio*, sung by Madame Wilt; and Ninth Symphony, the solos being sung by Mesdames Wilt, Friedrich-Materna, Herren Walter and Krauss. The whole was under the direction of Herr Dessoff.

"Better late than never," says the proverb. Though Madame Adelina Patti is now in London, singing at the Royal Italian Opera, our readers may still be interested at learning some of the particulars connected with her benefit at the Theatre an der Wien. Never had such an audience collected within the building, and never had such a welcome been accorded to any other artist. Madame Patti appeared for the first time as the heroine in *Dinorah*. Immediately after the first air a perfect avalanche of flowers, wreaths, and nosegays were flung upon the stage. At the conclusion of the act there was another such avalanche, accompanied by thunders of applause. But all this was nothing compared to the outburst of enthusiasm after the "Shadow Dance," which the fair artist, at the unanimous desire of the whole audience, had to repeat. Numerous gifts were then handed up to

her from out the orchestra. Among them was one from the Concordia, a club of literary men and journalists. It consisted of a splendid wreath from the workshops of Herr H. A. Granichstädten, Court Jeweller. On the leaves, surrounded by golden fruit, are engraved the titles of the lady's greatest parts: Gilda, Dinorah, Rosina, Violetta, Leonore, Elvira, Linda, Amina, Zerlina, Martha, Norma, and Margaretha. A bow, on which are engraved her arms, bears the inscription: "The Concordia club of Viennese journalists and authors, to the popular favourite and artist, Adelina Patti, Marquise de Caux. Vienna, 23rd April, 1873." The wreath rested upon a blue velvet cushion, embroidered in gold, the whole being enclosed in an elegant case. In addition to this, Mdme. Patti was presented with a magnificent Jardinière, borne by angels; bouquets enveloped in real lace; and laurel wreaths without end. As each of these objects was handed up, the orchestra blew a flourish, and the audience rose from their seats. Madame Patti appeared completely overpowered by this manifestation of popular esteem.

#### BEETHOVIANA.

Beethoven had in his possession a complete set of quartet string instruments made by the best Italian masters. The unique and invaluable collection was presented to him by Prince Liechnowsky, through the influence of Herr Schuppanzigh, the leader of the celebrated Quartet Society of Vienna. Aloys Fuchs\* in the journal *Wiener Sonntag Blätter* (Sunday leaves of Vienna), records the following in regard to this four instruments.

1. A violin by Joseph Guarnerius, 1718, which came into the possession of Herr Carl Holz, in Vienna, director of the "Concerts Spirituel."
2. Another violin by Niccolous Amati, 1667, of which Dr. Ohmeyer became the owner, and which his successors sold to Herr Huber, at Vienna.
3. A tenor by Vicenzo Augiero, 1670, which also became the property of Herr Holz, in Vienna.
4. A violoncello by Andrew Guarnerius, 1712, which afterwards belonged to Herr Wertheimer of Vienna.

On all these four instruments Beethoven affixed his seal, and engraved a capital B on the bottom of each instrument. The violin by Guarnerius was considered the most valuable of the collection; and in vain, 1500 florins were offered for it to the proprietor many years ago. What a price would they realize at the present time if the whole set could be brought together and could be purchased by a wealthy admirer of such a great genius?

Very interesting, and most likely unknown but to very few, is the fact that, in the year 1821, the eminent music publisher at Vienna, Tobias Haslinger, an enthusiastic admirer of Beethoven, undertook to have copied the compositions of this sublime master, from his earliest time up to the above-mentioned date. The whole collection formed 51 vols., which occupied 4000 sheets of music paper. A superior copyist of music was fully engaged upon the undertaking for four years, and Beethoven himself authenticated this codex.

Professor Anton Schindler, an intimate friend and biographer of Beethoven, was in possession of a large collection of his autographic compositions and other valuable subjects, viz., the so-called "Conversation-Books," most of them written with lead pencil, consisting of questions and answers, during Beethoven's deafness, with his friends and visitors, and also the highly interesting original scores in autograph of his two great musical compositions, the Ninth Symphony and Mass in D, which are preserved at the Royal Library in Berlin.

The Prussian Government bought these treasures for an equivalent, by granting Professor Schindler 300 thalers per annum during his life-time.

DR. FERDINAND RAHLES.

Malvern House, Queen's Terrace, Grove Street Road,  
South Hackney, May, 1873.

\* We may rely upon the statement of so distinguished a critic in musical matters, and such an author as Aloys Fuchs. He was also celebrated for his collection of autographs of the most celebrated composers of all nations, not only consisting of fragments but of complete musical works. In the lapse of 15 years, he had managed, through a wide-spread and numerous connection, to become possessed of more than 650 original compositions, viz.: 25 French, 28 English, 176 Italian, and 457 German. His collection of portraits consisting of singers, composers, virtuosi, had from its excellence gained him great repute. Both collections, with the greatest liberality, were open for the inspection of artists, amateurs and their friends.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.  
MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S  
Pianoforte Recitals.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ has the honour to announce that the remaining Recitals of his Thirteenth Series will take place on the following Afternoons:—

FRIDAY, May 23,  
FRIDAY, May 30,  
FRIDAY, June 6,

FRIDAY, June 13,  
FRIDAY, June 20.

FOURTH RECITAL,  
FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 23, 1873.  
To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in E flat, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello.... Mozart.  
MR. CHARLES HALLÉ, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, Herr STRAUS, and Herr DAUBERT.  
GRAND SONATA, in D major, Op. 83, for pianoforte alone..... Schubert.  
MR. CHARLES HALLÉ.  
SONATA, in A minor, Op. 105, for pianoforte and violin..... Schumann.  
MR. CHARLES HALLÉ and Madame NORMAN-NERUDA.  
GRAND POLONAISE, in A flat, Op. 53, for pianoforte alone.... Chopin.  
MR. CHARLES HALLÉ.  
QUINTET, in F minor, Op. 34, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello..... Brahms.  
MR. CHARLES HALLÉ, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, Herr L. RIES, Herr STRAUS, and Herr DAUBERT.

Sofa Stalls, 7s. Balcony, 3s. Area, 1s.  
Tickets at CHAPPELL and Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; MITCHELL's, 33, Old Bond Street; OLLIVIER's, 38, Old Bond Street; KIRBY, FROWSE and Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; HAYS', 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and AUSTIN's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. B. (New York).—Your communication safely received. There is no increase of charge for sending the *Musical World* to New York.

BIRTH.

On the 8th inst., at Pennard Lodge, Yardley, Worcestershire, the wife of JAMES A. BARTON, (ANNIE EDMONDS) of a daughter, stillborn.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the *MUSICAL WORLD* is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

With this number of the *MUSICAL WORLD* Subscribers will receive four pages extra, and again, from time to time, as expediency may suggest.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1873.

OBSERVERS of musical doings at the Crystal Palace must have been struck with the change which has virtually abolished the once popular "Opera Concerts." The change is certainly for the better, because the Opera Concerts were not worth much. A number of artists, more or less famous, sang in a place where few could hear; and a number of people, chiefly ladies, gathered to look at them and each other. No doubt the whole affair was quite harmless. The artists knew that they could not be heard, and took matters very coolly; while the audience knew beforehand that they could not hear, and were quite content to use their eyes. In brief, the Opera Concerts afforded a pretext for a number of people to come together, by supplying them with a nominal kind of object; and, so far, there was nothing to be said against them. But—hey, presto!—the Opera Concert has vanished. No longer is Mr. Manns' band a little oasis in the desert of the great orchestra; no longer does the area

of the central transept glow with the fashionable colours of the day; and no longer do foreign birds of song faintly warble like very tiny canaries in a gigantic aviary. Instead, thereof, the winter concert-room is now the summer concert-room also; and the summer concerts are very much like the winter concerts, differing only by virtue of a slight concession to delicate fashionable stomachs, which cannot well digest strong meats. The change is far the better, and, no doubt, has a certain significance. Each year shows a marked improvement in public taste, and a greater acquaintance with, therefore a greater appreciation of, the masterpieces of musical art. That the Crystal Palace managers should note this fact, and take advantage of it, was quite in keeping with the shrewdness to which they have accustomed us. Hence, we may look upon the change they have made as reflecting a corresponding change among the mass of those for whom music hath charms. But it would not be wise to invest the matter with a great amount of significance. Fashion is like the channel of a tidal river opening to the great tidal wave. Now it runs between these banks of sand; now between those; and can never be depended on long together. Has the fashion which supports opera concerts shown a tendency to leave the Crystal Palace, and disport itself in the Floral or Albert Halls, which are nearer of access, and present quite as good an opportunity for staring at opera artists in mufti, and criticising one another's dresses? This, at all events, would seem to be the case, and the crowds who go at fortnightly intervals to Bow Street and Kensington Gore give us pause in our eagerness to believe the great advance of real musical taste, to which a few collateral circumstances point. But as regards the Crystal Palace, there is reason for nothing but congratulation. In this case even the whims of fashion fight for the Sydenham Palace, as the stars fought against Sisera, and have succeeded in thrusting upon its summer music the grand distinction of classical excellence. Henceforth the great glass house will be the home of the great composers all the year round, with Mr. Manns as a perennial master of the ceremonies, and Mr. Grove as an untiringly hospitable host. How many amateurs will join us in heartily felicitating all concerned upon this state of things? It "keeps the ball a-rolling" for them throughout the circle of the year; keeps up the prestige of the Sydenham Saturdays, and—the fashionables having drifted elsewhere—satisfies everybody else.

JAMES HENRY BROWN.

OUR obituary column of last week announced the death of Mr. James Henry Brown, who for a quarter of a century held the office of Secretary to the Gloucester Musical Festival. The columns of the *Musical World* have upon each occasion of the triennial meetings of the Three Choirs, for many years past, borne testimony to the untiring zeal, business-like ability, and uniform courtesy of the gentleman whose decease has been so recently recorded; and the writer, speaking from a personal knowledge of even longer date than Mr. Brown's connection with the Festivals, can add his tribute to the many sterling qualities of head and heart which endeared him to all who were fortunate enough to enjoy the privilege of his friendship. For considerably more than 40 years Mr. Brown held the post of mathematical and drawing master to the cathedral school (one of the Henry VIII. foundations), which had the honour of educating (among other notabilities) Hy-

Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter, and Dr. Mansel, Bishop of Bristol; and his memory will be held in warm esteem by the numerous pupils who received their education under him, and by whom he was always spoken of with affectionate regard. As an artist Mr. Brown was possessed of exceptionally high talent; and although he shunned rather than courted fame, those who have seen the charming pictures from his easel must always regret that he did not enrol himself under the banner of either the Old or New Water Colour Societies, and exhibit to the Metropolis some of those works which would compare not unfavourably with the productions of the foremost painters of the day. To the stewards of the Festival Mr. Brown's loss is simply irreparable, his many years experience having made him *facile princeps* the first of secretaries. Roger Kerrison of Norwich, Rev. Robt. Sarjeant of Worcester, J. H. Brown of Gloucester—all, alas! no more. What ghostly memories these Festivals now have.

D. H.

## OCCASIONAL NOTE.

ONE of the most charmingly chatty things Leigh Hunt ever wrote was his "Earth upon Heaven," in which he imagined himself following out his earthly occupations in the upper world, living with all the good fellows of past ages; reading new plays of Shakespere and new novels of Scott; eating sugar that was not sanded, and drinking milk from celestial cows in the milky-way. It is to be hoped the earthly concert nuisances will be abated there also, and that we may hope to hear the Malibrans, and the Linds, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Bach, and Gluck in new and divine symphonies and songs (think of that!), without being annoyed by a garrulous angel behind us commenting on the cut of this angel's wings, the colour of that angel's feathers, and the awkward manner in which some other angel flies to her seat, and the dreadfully stupid way in which young Highfliers sat down upon Blanche's wings. It would be horrible to think of an eternity of music with an eternity of nuisance.—*Peregrine Pickle*.

## CONCERTS VARIOUS.

SIGNOR CARAVOGIA gave his concert in the Reading Room of the Langham Hotel. The large and fashionable audience who attended showed the estimation in which the accomplished barytone is held by his patrons, the "upper ten," whose carriages, by the way, extended the entire length of Portland Place. Signor Caravoglia had an excellent programme, the interpretation of which was entrusted to Mdlle. Nita Gaetano, Madame Florence Lancia, Les Demoiselles Badia, Miss Bertha Griffiths, Mdlle. Bini, Mdme. Demeric-Lablache, Mr. Trelawny Cobham, Mr. Lewis Thomas, Signor Rizzelli, and Signor Gardoni, as vocalists. Signor Tito Mattei was the pianist, and Mr. John Cheshire the harpist. Signor Caravoglia was in capital voice, and gave his solo *arias* with so much effect that the audience rewarded him with genuine applause, and called upon him to repeat a Romanza by Signor Odoardo Barri, entitled "Di Perché," and recalled him after Signor Badia's "Tu non ritorni." The accomplished barytone also joined Mdlle. Gaetano and Mr. Cobham in Signor Gordigiani's *Terzetto*, "Vieni al mar," Mdlle. Lancia in the duet, "Dunque io son," Signor Rizzelli in Masini's "Malattieri," and Madame Lancia, Miss Griffiths, and Signor Rizzelli in the popular quartet from *Rigoletto*. A Ballata, composed and sung by Signor Rizzelli, entitled "Brunetta," deserves especial notice for its excellence as a composition and for the way it was sung by its accomplished author. Mr. Cobham was in capital voice, and sang "Dalla sua pace" in his very best manner, receiving well-merited applause, and Mr. Lewis Thomas gave with great spirit "The Yeoman's Wedding." The ladies, though mentioned last, were not least in the estimation of the audience, and came off with "flying colours," Madame Lancia being greatly admired in the *cavatina*, "Una voce poco fa," Mdme. Lablache in "J'ai perdu mon Euridice," Les Demoiselles Badia in a couple of duets, and Miss Griffiths in "Quando a te liete" (*Faust*). Mdlle. Antoinette Badia also pleased by the manner in which she sang, with Signor Gardoni, a duet by Verdi, and Mdlle. Limia was deservedly applauded after Mr. Ganz's song, "Miss Camelia," in which she had the advantage of being accompanied by the composer. We cannot conclude without mentioning the charming way Signor Gardoni sang M. Gounod's *chansonnette*, "La Fauvette" (which he was compelled to repeat), and how well Signor Tito Mattei played some solos of his own composition.

MESSRS. CHARLES AND ARTHUR LE JEUNE, assisted by their father, Mr. C. W. Le Jeune, gave an evening concert at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, on Tuesday, which was very fully attended. The programme included some original and interesting compositions for the organ and pianoforte. The concert opened with a solo for the organ (a fantasia in E flat), composed and performed by Mr. Arthur Le Jeune, which pleased very much; as did also a characteristic march on the organ, by his brother, Mr. Charles Le Jeune, a composition of merit. He also performed Thalberg's Fantasia, on the pianoforte, from *La Sonnambula*, and a solo of his own, "Gentle Memories," which was much and deservedly applauded. Mr. Arthur Le Jeune displayed his talent as a pianist in Thalberg's Variations on *L'Elisir d'Amore*, and a pretty solo of his own, "Rêve de bonheur." A specialty in the programme was their "orchestral combination," a charming musical effect, combining the capabilities of each of the key-board instruments, realizing variety of tone, sustained and expressive melody, with elaborate and delicate accompaniment. The "combination" is an harmonium and two lesser instruments of the same nature, and though not intended to imitate an orchestra, yet it reminds one of its effects. In the overtures to *William Tell* and *Zanetta*, in the variations on "Home, Sweet Home," and a Fantasia by the elder Mr. Le Jeune, the effect was particularly good and pleasing. All the pieces were received with applause. Miss Enriquez, in Sir M. Costa's Air from *Naaman*, sang most artistically. Mdlle. Nita Gaetano and Mr. Edward Lloyd contributed some of the modern concert-room songs of the day with more or less applause. Mr. Wm. Ganz presided most efficiently as the accompanist.

THE concerts of the London Glee and Madrigal Union are always looked forward to every season with much interest by the admirers of a class of music so thoroughly national and so thoroughly good that England may well be proud of the musicians whose names are associated with it. English glees and madrigals have never been surpassed, and musical Germany and "the land of song" cannot vie with us in this department of composition. It is only natural to expect that the country which gave birth to the great madrigal writers should also produce the best exponents of their delightful compositions. Still, until Mr. Land and his coadjutors, Messrs. Baxter, Coates, and Lawler, formed themselves into a Glee and Madrigal Union, the traditional style of singing our national music was being crowded out of practice by innovations and the fashion of making every appeal to the public a personal display of ability. Mr. Land has happily succeeded in inducing a small number of good *artistes* to combine their talents and work together for the noble object of doing justice to English art, and the result is that a taste for glees and madrigals has been revived, and real good part-singing can now be heard throughout the London season. St. George's Hall was on the occasion under notice, well filled by Mr. Land's supporters, and the beautiful singing of Miss Jane Wells, Messrs. Coates, Baxter, Lawler, and Land, was heard to advantage in Webbe's fine glees, "Thy voice, O harmony," in Morley's madrigal, "Now is the month of May," and in other less time-honoured examples of the English school. Great applause followed the performance of each piece in the programme, and Morley's madrigal was encored.—*Morning Advertiser*.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN, who, during the past winter, has given many concerts and pianoforte recitals in different parts of the country with considerable success, invited her patrons to the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, on Friday morning, May 9, and the result was a crowded and brilliant audience. The accomplished pianist was in capital play, and her finished performance of the "Moonlight Sonata" created quite an enthusiasm, with a unanimous recall to the orchestra. She played an exquisite Rondo in A flat, by Dussek; Mozart's Sonata in A, for piano and violin (associated with Mr. Carrodus); and Chopin's Polonaise for piano and violoncello (with Herr Daubert); in each and all of which she was cordially applauded. The vocal portion of the programme was replete with interest. Mr. Santley gave with great energy a spirited new hunting song, composed expressly for him by Signor Piatti; Mdlle. Nita Gaetano sang, most charmingly, "Deh vieni," from *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and Gounod's "Au printemps," Mr. Vernon Rigby gave "The Message," Signor Caravoglia, "Madamina," and, last, not least, Miss Banks made a great effect in the *cavatina*, "What is this love," from Mr. G. A. Macfarren's opera, *She stoops to conquer*. The concert gave unqualified satisfaction, and concluded with Haydn's trio in G, played to perfection by Mrs. John Macfarren, Mr. Carrodus, and Herr Daubert. Mr. Walter Macfarren ably officiated as conductor.

NAPLES.—Signor Petrella's opera, *I promessi Sposi* has proved something like a failure at the San Carlo.

ANCONA.—Signor Verdi's *Aida* has proved a great hit. The principal characters are sustained by Signore Stolz, Waldmann, Signori Capponi, Pantaleoni and Maini.



## PROVINCIAL.

CARDIFF.—We read as follows in the *Western Mail* of May 8:—

"Last night the Cardiff Drill-hall was nearly filled on the occasion of the second concert given by the Philharmonic Society. The first part of the programme consisted of 'Spring' and 'Summer,' from Haydn's *Seasons*; and the second part included a miscellaneous selection of choruses and solos. The choral part of the entertainment was supplied by the society itself, and the orchestra consisted of about twenty-five members, which included several professional gentlemen. The principal singers were Miss Banks (soprano), Mr. Trelawny Cobham (tenor), and Signor Foli (bass). Miss Banks was in as good voice as ever, and she achieved a genuine triumph in 'Lo, here the gentle lark.' Mr. Trelawny Cobham is a most useful tenor. Nothing could have been more simply effective and appropriate than his singing of the solos in the *Seasons*. But the grand feature of the evening was, undoubtedly, the singing of Signor Foli. It is needless to speak of a gentleman, whose fame as a great operatic basso is European, as a Cardiff favourite, but his reception, and the tumultuous applause which greeted all his efforts last night, sufficiently proved the latter fact—whatever it may be worth. The audience would fain have encored everything he sang, and a tumultuous expression of enthusiasm, which interrupted the further proceedings until it was gratified, compelled him to repeat 'The Mariner,' a stirring ballad by Diehl. The orchestra rendered most effective assistance, not only in their accompaniments, but by their really charming performance of Weber's overture to *Oberon*. Altogether, the public of Cardiff owe a deep debt of gratitude to the society, and to its indefatigable president (Mr. J. S. Corbett), for the good work they are successfully performing in cultivating a taste in the locality for choral music of the highest class, executed in a most creditable and finished manner."

YARMOUTH.—A grand concert has been given at the Regent Hall, but the attendance was not so good as it ought to have been considering the artists who had been engaged. The concert was a treat to those who did attend, the singing of Madame Thaddeus Wells and the playing of Mr. Nicholson, the celebrated flautist, being exceedingly beautiful. Mr. Orlando Christian pleased the audience much with the vocal pieces allotted to him.

STAMFORD.—A concert has been given at the Agricultural Hall, Oakham, by Mr. Nicholson, of Leicester; the vocalists being Madame Thaddeus Wells and Mr. Orlando Christian, and the instrumentalists Mr. Henry Nicholson and Madame Wells. The singing of Madame Wells was much admired, especially in "Lo! here the gentle lark," which was loudly encored. The entertainment appeared to give great satisfaction.

SCARBOROUGH.—The *Express* of May 3rd has the following remarks on the Scarborough Amateur Vocal and Instrumental Society:—

"On Tuesday evening last an invitation concert was given by this society in the Assembly Room, at the Prince of Wales Hotel. A large audience was present. We must remind our readers that the society was only established rather more than two years ago, and that the office of conductor is undertaken by Dr. Sloman entirely as a labour of love, from a wish to promote a taste for good music amongst the inhabitants of Scarborough, and for the South Cliff especially. The choir, with the instrumentalists, numbered about fifty; the first part of the programme, consisting of Mozart's Twelfth Mass, and the second, was made up of appropriate songs, part-songs, trios, &c.; the whole were rendered in a very admirable manner by the various ladies and gentlemen, and appeared to meet with the entire approbation of the large company assembled."

STROUD.—A performance of Handel's *Samson* was given at the Subscription Rooms on the 7th inst., under the auspices of the Stroud Choral Society, and did great credit to all concerned. The artists engaged were Mdle. Pauline Rita, Miss Taylor, Mr. Wilford Morgan, and Mr. Brandon. Mr. Wilford Morgan in all he sang gave immense satisfaction. The air, "Total eclipse," was finely sung, as well as "Why does the God of Israel," and warm applause followed both. His rendering of "My genial spirits droop" is specially worthy of remark, Mr. Morgan entering fully into the spirit of the composition. The duets, "Traitor to love," and "Go, baffled coward," were also given with more than ordinary effect, and the latter was unanimously encored and repeated. The recitative, "Be of good courage," and the air, "Thus when the sun" were splendidly given, and bought down enthusiastic applause and a hearty encore. Mr. Brandon, the bass, who not only sang the part of Harapha exceedingly well, but acted as conductor of the entire performance, had a good reception. The singing of Mdle. Pauline Rita and Miss Taylor was everything that could be desired; and Mdle. Rita's fine delivery of "Let the bright seraphim" obtained for her a hearty encore. The band and chorus were numerous and efficient, and got through their work very creditably.

DOUGLAS.—Respecting a concert given here by Miss Wood, a resident professor, the *Isle of Man Times* said:—

"The professional vocalist engaged was Mdme. Billinie Porter, who on her first appearance here last summer won a reputation which her second visit has materially increased. Her voice is a pure soprano of great beauty, and in the use of it she shows a very careful instruction, and pure taste, never sacrificing a composer's work for mere display. Her rendering of Macfarren's "Beautiful May," in the first part of the programme, was charming, and well worthy of all the applause it elicited; but her finest effort, in the opinion of the musical portion of the audience, was in *A Day Dream*, a very lovely composition by Blumenthal. The song was given with intense feeling."

NORWICH.—In a long notice of a recent successful performance of *Samson*, the *Norwich Mercury* said:—

"The bass music—the parts of Manoah and Harapha—was taken by Mr. Greaves, who was announced as a pupil of Mr. H. Deacon. This gentleman promises to be one of the best bass singers that we have heard. His voice is throughout full and rich, is of good compass, and is well in hand. In addition to this, Mr. Greaves sang carefully just what Handel wrote, taking no liberties, not even in the recitatives. At the same time, there was a self-command apparent which showed that he knew well what he was about. In the duet with Mr. Minns he was very good, but won the most hearty and well-deserved applause for his singing of that magnificent air, 'Honour and arms.' 'How willing my paternal love,' was a fine example of tender expression, and 'Presuming slave,' of hearty scorn. Mr. Greaves' first appearance in Norwich will, we trust, not be the last, for he has thus early in life proved himself worthy to take a part in the efficient rendering of the works of the great masters. Mr. Deacon, if he was present, must have been highly gratified at the success of his pupil; while the Festival Committee must be even more pleased that they have brought out a young man who, if he will, can make a good name for himself among English artists."

## SHAKESPERE'S DRAMAS AND MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to point out an omission in reference to the above interesting and cleverly-written statistical report. There was also an opera on *The Tempest*, by the late Sigismund Thalberg, which was performed at Her Majesty's Opera, about the year 1845–46, if I remember rightly. In reference to incidental music to *Macbeth*, there is an overture published for the full orchestra in London, which, together with the Entr'acte, Melodrama, &c., is still played at the Court theatre in Wiesbaden whenever the play is performed—the composition of your truly obedient servant,

CHARLES ORBERTHUE.

## THE SONG OF THE SOPRANO.

(From the *New York Weekly Review*.)

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| <p>I.<br/>I'm a thousand dollar soprano!<br/>That's my lowest possible rate.<br/>Who'll have me? High church or low,<br/>Speak quick or you'll be too late.</p> <p>II.<br/>An up-town church I prefer,<br/>With a fashionable congregation,<br/>But, indeed, I will not demur<br/>At aught that befits my station.</p> <p>III.<br/>Yet it's natural that my choice<br/>Is to be on an Avenue;<br/>Fifth or Madison suits my voice,<br/>I assure you it's strictly true.</p> <p>IV.<br/>A tenor I'd recommend;<br/>He sings opera duets with me.<br/>A basso too I can send<br/>Who will take a low salary.</p> <p>V.<br/>I must have all the solos, of course,<br/>Must select the contralto too;<br/>For if she had too much force<br/>Of voice, she will never do.</p> <p>VI.<br/>And I'd also prefer to select<br/>The organist—one who'd owe<br/>To me his place. He'd expect<br/>To play as I told him to.</p> | <p>VII.<br/>At the services I must sing<br/>Music to make one dance,<br/>Lloyd, Lambillotte, that sort of thing;<br/>I detest those stupid old chants.</p> <p>VIII.<br/>Each Te Deum must contain<br/>Two solos for me to do,<br/>Or else I must sing my own<br/>And the tenor solo too.</p> <p>IX.<br/>For the sermon I cannot wait,<br/>Unless in the offertory<br/>Another solo be mine,<br/>To sing to my praise and glory.</p> <p>X.<br/>Of course, I cannot attend<br/>The church on a rainy day;<br/>Nor can I a substitute send<br/>In the summer when I'm away.</p> <p>XI.<br/>When to Europe I want to go,<br/>The vestry, if in its senses,<br/>Must agree that I may do so,<br/>And promptly defray my expenses.</p> <p>XII.<br/>I'm a thousand dollar soprano!<br/>Engage me without further trouble;<br/>For if you delay much longer<br/>I'll certainly charge you double.</p> |
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W. F. W.

## MUSIC AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

(From "The Times," May 8.)

Mr. Joseph Barnby, to whose public exertions in various ways our musical amateurs are already so much indebted, is now trying an experiment which we cannot but think will bring good fruits. We do not here refer to the oratorio performances, given by the Albert Hall Choral Society, under his able direction, but to the concerts, now of daily occurrence, at which for the first time is allotted a real and substantial place to music in the International Exhibition, where other arts have hitherto obtained conspicuous recognition. Painting, sculpture, and architecture possess an advantage of which music cannot boast. Masterpieces in any of these arts may be seen and judged, day after day, without the intervention of a medium; whereas music absolutely requires a medium, in the shape of a performer or a body of performers, to give audible utterance to the thoughts of the composer. A printed score of a symphony, quartet, or overture is of little avail, inasmuch as, however ready at hand, there is hardly one person out of a thousand who can read it. Mr. Barnby's idea, therefore, of making music as accessible to those who attend the Exhibition as other arts is worthy of all commendation. Day after day he provides a concert of vocal and instrumental music, of about an hour and a half in duration, the programme consisting exclusively of selections from the works of acknowledged masters, ancient and modern. He has an orchestra of some 50 or 60 strong, with Mr. Deichmann at the head of the violins, and Mr. Pettit at the head of the violoncellos, conducted, it is scarcely requisite to add, by Mr. Barnby himself. An orchestral symphony, or concerto, two overtures, and some vocal pieces are to be heard on every occasion. A fair idea of the character of the performances may be gathered from the works already presented. Among other things there have been three of Beethoven's symphonies in C, C minor, and F (No. 8); Haydn's Symphony in G (*The Surprise*); Schumann's in E flat; Dr. Ferdinand Hiller's in E minor (*The Spring*); and Mendelssohn's Scotch and Reformation Symphonies. Among the overtures we have had the *Zauberflöte* and *Clemenza di Tito* of Mozart; Wagner's *Fliegende Holländer*; Mehul's *Chasse du Jeune Henri*; Julius Rietz's *Lustspiel*; Weber's *Oberon*; M. Gounod's *Médecin Malgré lui*; Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*; Beethoven's *Egmont*; and the Overture composed by the late Anber expressly for the Exhibition of 1862. The miscellaneous pieces have included the "Dance of Reapers," from Mr. Arthur Sullivan's music to the *Tempest*; Mendelssohn's *Cornelius March*; a ballet piece from Schubert's *Rosamunde*; Signor Ardit's *pot-pourri* from the *Lohengrin* of Wagner; M. Gounod's *Saltarello* and Processional March from the *Reine de Saba*; Handel's Organ Concerto in G minor (organist, Mr. Best); and a choice series of vocal pieces contributed by Misses Katherine Poyntz, Dones, D'Almaine, and Walton, Mdle. Gips, Mr. Thurley Beale, &c.

Thus far nothing could be better; but we learn from the prospectus that still more is intended, and that in another way. Great works, already recognized, are not to be the exclusive attraction for those inclined to visit the music room during the period of the Exhibition, which, we need hardly say, extends to the last week in October. Till this time the daily concerts will be uninterrupted, thus giving Mr. Barnby an opportunity of stimulating musical culture and progress, of which he pledges himself to take advantage in the most practical way. He not only intends to bring forward the works of young composers, English, or residents in England, but to encourage young performers, vocal and instrumental, by enabling them to exhibit their talents in public, and thus helping them to a career the issue of which must of course depend on their ability and perseverance. Ordinary concert givers cannot safely run the risk of speculating with untried skill, and hence the opportunity of taking his first step is that which any young artist finds the most difficult to obtain. Mr. Barnby's scheme, however, being altogether exceptional in its conditions, enables him to supply a long felt want, and there is good reason to anticipate the happiest results from its working. It remains to be seen how far the public are disposed to support an undertaking which not only reflects high credit upon its promoters, but is a substantial addition to the musical resources of the metropolis. That the daily performances at the Royal Albert Hall are of

themselves interesting and worthy all encouragement is unquestionable. The orchestra is excellent in all departments, and the conductor thoroughly up to his work. The educational value of the concerts is considerably enhanced by the interesting and instructive notes to each programme from the pen of Mr. Joseph Bennett. Mr. Barnby's last oratorio concert for the season was given on Wednesday evening week, when Handel's too-long neglected *Belshazzar* was performed.

## SHALL ORGAN GRINDERS BE PUT TO DEATH?

"Semper ego auditor tantum? Nunquam me reponam?"—Juv. i. 2.

The origin of the organ grinders justifies their extinction, as does also the doom with which they are threatened. This race is derived from Jubal, the sixth in descent from Cain, who was "the father of all them that handle the harp and organ" (here note the accuracy of description of the word "handle"). The seed of Cain, who destroyed his own brother, may with justice be destroyed in turn.

Later in history a trace of the race is detected in the patriarch's pathetic outcry against the "instruments of cruelty" in his sons' tents. In Egypt, and in Pharaoh's time, they seem to have been swept away. Egypt was a wisely governed country. Had they existed, that prince might have been spared nine of the plagues, since an hour's infliction of this one must have softened the rock of his hard heart and forced him to send the tribes trooping forth to the desert with their minstrels at the head, playing the rogue's march of the period. In that age, surely, organ grinding was one of the lost arts. There is hope, then, that it may again become so strengthened by the cheerful prediction, that in the latter days "the sound of the grinders shall wax low." Organ grinders are a nuisance. It is therefore lawful to kill them. [Vide Judge Shaw's decision *ad fin.*]

Public policy requires their extinction. The race consists chiefly of Italian refugees, banished for turbulence from their own country, making a trade of revolutions here, and revenging themselves by the murder of music, for their inability to destroy order. It is, therefore, courteous and polite in us, as a nation, to kill them.

Humanity pleads for their abolition. They are a wretched people, born out of time, who rear a wretched progeny. It is, then, generous, and merciful to themselves to kill them.

Political economy demands that they should perish. They are wholly useless, never doing a hand's turn of work, though many a hand's turn of play. It is, therefore, prudent for society to kill them.

Upon this foundation of reasoning may be built a strong tower of authorities in favour of their extirpation. That rigid and moral generation, the Puritans, regarded the organ as the devil's box of pipes even when used for sacred services. How much more would they have been moved with holy zeal for the destruction of his wandering emissaries who bear the abomination from door to door!

Shakespeare makes the practical genius of Othello speak with contempt of hearing "a brazen can stick turned," in evident allusion to grinding organs.

It is true that Lord Bacon composed a work known to scholars as the "Novum Organum," or "New Organ." But this only proves the hatred of that great and wise man for old organs.

The French style them "*orgues de barbarie*," or barbarian organs. To banish them and their barbarian supporters is one of the first duties of a civilised people.

Having settled the lawfulness, humanity, and prudence, of ridding the world of organ-grinders, it should be considered how this may best be done.

Not, perhaps, by individual efforts. The remembrance of suffering might darken an act of justice in revenge. Nor would it suffice merely for the State to put a stop to organs, seeing that the addition of a stop to those they have already would but increase their power of mischief. There are wiser plans, too, than that of execution on the scaffold, which might create a morbid sympathy. For example, make them the instruments of their own destruction, by setting them in some secluded place, to play each other to death. Or they might simply be exiled to Tunis.

The public ear is large and patient; the need of this reform once forced into it, a proper plan will not be wanting. Then will discord be driven from the land, and peace and quietness return; while the grinding organ shall decorate museums, and be wondered at by our descendants as the last and most cruel of the instruments of torture that disgraced an age calling itself refined.—*Boston Transcript*.

MARSEILLES.—A new opera, *Pitracque*, by M. Delprar, has been successfully produced. The composer was recalled, and presented by his admirers with a gold crown. They had evidently made up their minds beforehand that the opera was to be a triumph.

## A LIFE OF BACH.

(From the "Globe.")

Sir Julius Benedict, who has written a short preface to Miss Kay-Shuttleworth's volume, makes a comparison between the fortunes of the great contemporaries, Bach and Handel—between the immediate renown of the latter and the life-long obscurity of the former, both leading to an equal crown of glory at the end of a hundred and fifty years. The comparison is obvious, but suggestive. To impugn the greatness of Handel would be flagrantly absurd, even in the face of the fact that by far the greater number of his works, most of which were elaborately adapted to the taste of his true patron, the public of his own time, are now practically ignored. But in the whole history of music the name of John Sebastian Bach stands in one grand respect above every other name. Its owner was not only the patriarch of modern music in its very highest form, but was the very type and model of the true musician, past, present, and to come. Those who listened to the *Matthæus Passion* Music, so triumphantly rendered a few weeks ago in its proper season, and thought of its history, must have indulged in many reflections on the revenges of time. That immortal work was once heard in public during its composer's life, on Good Friday, 1729, and was then utterly forgotten till Mendelssohn once more gave it to the world at the end of exactly a hundred years. After nearly half a century more it is devoutly listened to by thousands of novelty-hating Englishmen, who, a few years ago, only thought vaguely of Bach as a manufacturer of fugues and other scientific abominations in popular ears. It may be urged that musical appreciation and knowledge have improved. That only shows how far the composer stood in advance of his own time, if it has taken the world a century and a half to overtake one of his footsteps.

The abridgment of his biography, made from the work of Herr Bitter, is in form and style rather a collection of dry bones, but it is not the less useful for merely bringing the dates and facts of an uneventful life as closely together as possible. The history of Bach is the chronology of his work, and little more. But the most meagre sketch, if made as simply and faithfully as this, cannot fail to give a noble picture of the grand old master who knew no life but patient art, who never toiled for fame or gain, to whom neglect was nothing, and success welcome only so far as it was due. The musical temperament is generally regarded as essentially passionate; the man who had it most perfectly was sublimely calm and self-contained. As is well-known, music was in Bach's very blood; he was of a whole race, or rather caste, of musicians drawing its family tendencies from Veit Bach, the Presburg baker, who used to take his flute with him to the mill and play while his corn was being ground. One of his sons and six of his grandsons became musicians, and their descendants for many generations filled the organ-lofts of Germany to such an extent that in one place an organist was always called a "Bach," whether he really bore that name or no. John Sebastian had not a cousin or near ancestor who was not a musician. Curiously enough, the same story is told of him that is related of Handel—that his earliest studies were made by stealth. The church organists of those days were a jealous generation, and John Sebastian's brother, who brought him up, seems to have wished to keep to himself the inner mysteries of the craft, a course never imitated by his great pupil, who was ever as ready to teach as he was eager to learn. It was the result of copying music secretly by moonlight that in later life cost him the use of his eyes. There is no doubt that without some amount of royal and princely favour his employers, the Lutheran church authorities, would have let him starve. Not even music-loving Leipzig ever understood its brightest ornament, and his post there was eagerly filled up in anticipation of his death, so that the Thomas Church might look forward to have a "singing master" instead of a composer. Not a stone was placed over his grave, nor was any notice of his loss taken by any Leipzig newspaper. Frederick the Great, however, a discriminating, though not generous, art patron, had treated him with barren honour, and had given him such prestige, as lay in the exclamation, "Only one Bach—only one Bach!" when made by a king. But the honour, though empty, was sound. There was only one Bach, and there is only one Bach still.

Miss Kay-Shuttleworth's book is full of facts, and therefore of

interest, and gives a full and useful catalogue of all the master's works by way of appendix. It is not a book of criticism, but it amply proves, if any proof were needed, the true artistic greatness of the "one Bach" who lived more than a century before his age.

## THE EARLY FRENCH ORCHESTRA.

Lully, in creating the Opera, had found in France no suitable elements for the proper foundation of this species of performance; he was obliged to make use of the very inconsiderable resources to be found among the professional musicians, scattered as they were with no centre of union and no acquaintance with concerted music. Later he trained up pupils and succeeded in bringing together an orchestra, whose arrangement seems singular enough to us, accustomed as we are to a wealth of instrumentation far removed from the simplicity of those primitive germs. The orchestra of Lully's opera was arranged in the following manner: the stringed instruments were divided into five parts, comprising first violins, first viols, viols, bass and double bass viols. Violoncellos were not introduced until later, and the modern double bass was not admitted into France until 1709, long after the death of Lully. It was played for the first time by one Monclair, a very clever composer, in *Jephthé*, an opera of his own composition. The effect of the instrument was found to be excellent, and Montclair was engaged at the Opera as contrabassist. At first he was expected to play only once a week, on Saturday, the great day for the Opera, and that of the best performances. It was not long before the contrabass was demanded every day; then a single one was not enough, one was added, afterwards two, then three, then four.

To return to Lully's orchestra, we must give a list of the wind instruments. These were numerous, but were divided quite differently from those of our day. First there were the flutes, not the German flute, the only one now in use, but the beaked flute (of which the flageolet remains to us), and of which the smallest inconvenience was its being almost constantly out of tune. The flutes formed one complete family; there were treble, tenor, and bass flutes. It was the same with the oboes, the bass of which is the bassoon. For brass instruments, there were trumpets with stops and hunting horns; and for instruments of percussion they had kettle-drums and tambourines for dance music. They had also a harpsichord for accompanying the recitatives. But what they were entirely ignorant of was the art of blending these different instruments together. When the composer desired a *forte*, he wrote the word *tous* (all), and then the copyist doubled the parts for the stringed instruments by parts for wind instruments of corresponding register. In certain passages, rarely except in *ritornellos*, the composer wrote flutes or oboes, and these instruments played alone, which was the easier for them as their system was complete. The bassoons played almost always with the bass and double-bass viols, which, mounted with many strings, had very little sonority. But the idea of taking advantage of the difference in the tone of their instruments, and of giving them particular parts for the purpose of blending them together, had not occurred to them. However, Lully's orchestra excited the admiration of his contemporaries, and one of his panegyrists lauds him for having introduced every known instrument, even, he adds, the tinker's whistle. We have looked over all of Lully's scores without finding any indication of these instruments, which are entirely unknown to us.

When Rameau gave his first opera, *Hippolyte et Aricie* (1733), instrumentation had made great progress; the German flute had replaced the beaked flute; the oboes had been perfected; they were played with finer reeds and had gained greatly in softness and sweetness. Rameau, who was fertile in invention, made great innovations in the arrangement of parts; he concerted wind with stringed instruments, and produced surprising effects by means of these combinations. The clarinet, invented in 1690, was not used in France until 1745, and then by Rameau in his opera *Le Temple de la Gloire*; but it made part of the orchestra only occasionally, and in the overture, as a rare and curious instrument. The clarinet had not yet obtained the freedom of the orchestra. As late as 1780 the Comédie-Italienne possessed none. Grétry, however, had made use of it in *Zémire et Azor*, but only in the minor trio, and as an unusual instrument which must produce a magical effect. Besides, the clarinet, at the time it was introduced into France, was not the same instrument with sweet, melancholy tones which we now hear; on the contrary, it was harsh and piercing. The name it received proves this: *clarineto* is the diminutive of *clarino*, clarion, trumpet; in fact, the first composers who made use of it employed it only to double the octave for the flourishes of horns and trumpets, and this use was continued even after the instrument was, as it were, transformed. Haydn and Mozart rarely fail to double their *appels* of horns and trumpets with the clarinet. The French horn appeared about this time, and caused the hunting-horn to be proscribed in the orchestra. Its virtuosos could practise upon it only in the dog-kennel and the ale-house.



## "NATURE'S SWEET RESTORER."

(From the New York "Weekly Review.")

DEAR REVIEW.—Does slumber conduce to the appreciation of orchestral music? I ask this pertinent question because at every concert I go to I am sure to meet a well-known critic—one who is a recognized authority in artistic matters, and who writes the best musical articles in the city—sitting at all the great concerts of the day in a state of uncomfortable slumber. His eyes close, his head falls back, his mouth opens, he is fast asleep as a door-nail—or as Endymion when Diana kissed him by the light of the crescent moon. All men are indignant when charged with sleeping in public. So it is with the somnolent critic. He will deny in angry terms the charge that he ever gets sleepy. He asserts that he closes his eyes merely to devote his mind more exclusively to the music. Why, then, should he nearly dislocate his neck by sudden starts, or fall over on his neighbour's shoulder? There is no doubt of the fact that the man calmly and deliberately goes to sleep. Yet, at the end of the symphony or concerto, he will wake up and applaud vigorously, and the next number of his paper will contain a well-written article on the performance.

At nearly every concert where the better class of music is performed you may see somebody asleep. The oratorio, the Thomas Symphony concerts, the Rubinstein concerts, all are attended with great regularity by faithful slumberers. At a private reception the other night, where the room was small, the light overpowering, and the atmosphere close and warm, several of the guests succumbed, despite the rules of etiquette. Yet they all declared that the music was delightful—when it was over. The fact is that music—especially instrumental music—*does* have a somnolent effect. The performer, kept awake by his active participation in it, does not comprehend the sufferings of his listeners, and is apt to attribute to stupidity what is generally the result of heat and foul air. Ventilation is the great secret. Nobody sleeps at an open air concert. Nobody goes to sleep when Theodore Thomas's orchestra plays at the Central Park Garden.

There is something, after all, very delightful in going to sleep at a concert. But for the sense of guilt, which the sleeper feels at first, it would be perfect bliss. How easily the eyes close! How gently the head falls back! How pleasantly the wandering thoughts compose themselves into oblivion! How charmingly the droning of the violins soothes and calms the senses! But then there is the awful shame of waking up! There is the fall backward or forward, the dazed opening of the eyes, the furtive glance cast about to see if you are observed, the spasmodic burst of applause to show that you have after all enjoyed "that lovely passage" exceedingly, the false but flattering unctious that "those giggling girls are giggling not at you, but at somebody else. Then there are five minutes of keen critical attention, a falling off in interest, a closing of eyes, a blissful blank, and you are awakened to a sound of applause, and vacantly stare at the conductor, bowing his thanks, and have an awful consciousness that something is wrong—that you have been asleep again!

It seems to me that the sleepy folks who go to concerts—critics and all—could enjoy the most delicious pleasure if they would form a secret society, engage an orchestra, and give a Slumber Concert. It should take place in a small, badly ventilated hall. The first piece should be an orchestral arrangement of Sullivan's "Hush thee, my baby," to be followed by Abt's "Sleep well, and sweet be thy repose." The slumber duet from *Trovatore* might follow. A few serenades, stating, in varied phraseology, that "she sleeps, my lady sleeps," should be the next introduced, and then Gottschalk's cradle song, "Slumber on, baby dear," will be timely. Popular music of the day might be represented by "Dreaming of thee," and "Come where my love lies dreaming," and Barnby's "Soft and low" would sweetly describe how "My little one, how my pretty one sleeps." At this delightful entertainment it would be etiquette to go to sleep. Any person wishing to keep awake should be excluded. Indeed, admission to the Club might be made through a species of Civil Service examination. Every candidate should be asked the following questions:—

1. Have you eaten a heavy dinner within the past two hours?
2. Have you ever kept awake during the whole of a long symphony by Raff?
3. Can you sleep easily in a sitting position?
4. Do you snore?
5. Which composer do you find most conducive to slumber?
6. Do you sleep well at the Philharmonic concerts?
7. Do you acknowledge that the true end of music is to make you slumber?

These and similar questions satisfactorily answered, the candidate could be admitted to all the rights and privileges of the Club. Each concert should close with Mendelssohn's chorale, "Sleepers, awake," and at the proper moment ushers should enter the room to prod the sleepers with canes and umbrellas. Arising then from a refreshing slumber, the audience would congratulate itself, and, after mutually remarking

"What a delightful nap we have had," would disperse in a sweet and amiable frame of mind, recuperated and invigorated for the sterner duties of life.

FLANEUR.

New York, April 4, 1873.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—A concert of a popular character, consisting of ballads, part-songs, &c., will be given on Saturday next, the 24th inst. The solo vocalists announced are Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss Dones, and Mr. Thurlley Beale. Mr. Sims Reeves is to sing "Tom Bowling," Frederic Clay's new song, "'Tis better not to know," and to join Madame Sherrington in the "Miserere Scene," from *Il Trovatore*. The choir will be composed of the members of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Barnby, and are to sing, amongst other pieces, Mendelssohn's "Judge me, O God." A special feature in this performance is the fact of its commencing at seven o'clock and terminating at nine, which will enable persons residing at a distance to be present at this interesting concert.

MILAN.—Signor Pacini's opera, *Saffo*, has been produced at the Teatro Dal Verme with Signora Vanda Miller in the principal part. The lady gave general satisfaction to the representatives of the press, and was pretty well supported. As to the general public, however, they knew very little about the matter, the high prices of admission frightening them away as effectually as a sudden loss of fortune keeps a man's friends at a respectable distance—as a boy with a clapper prevents the birds from settling on the fruit in an orchard, or the grain in a cornfield.—The Società del Quartetto applied to Signor Verdi for permission to perform the Quartet he wrote during his visit to Naples, a short time since, and Signor Verdi refused to grant it them.

CALAFORN.—The Rajah of this Eastern principality—for particulars as to longitude, latitude, revenue, constitution, and climate consult a respectable geographer—was lately present, on his way through Cairo, at a performance of Signor Petrella's *Jone*. He was so delighted that he resolved, then and there, to have an Italian Opera in his own capital. Here is a chance for sopranos without an engagement and unappreciated tenors.

MUNICH.—Professor Joseph Rheinberger's comic opera, *Des Thürmers Tochterlein* has been produced at the Royal Operahouse. The subject is taken from local history, the action being laid here in May, 1632, when the Swedes, under Gustavus Adolphus, had entered the town. The book, written by Herr Max Stahl, though containing many lyric beauties, is weak in dramatic interest. The composer, however, has turned it to very good account. After the fourth act, and at the fall of the curtain, he was enthusiastically called for several times, while the performers were quite overwhelmed with applause during the whole evening. The principal parts were sustained by Mdle. Stehle and Herr Vogl.

## Times for Music.

## DREAM ON!\*

Sleep, baby, sleep! and happy dream  
Of things that to thee brightest seem,  
Of pleasures that thou lov'st the best,  
With infant glee and childish zest.  
First in my heart thou hold'st a place,  
By thy young love and winning grace—  
Close to my breast thy form is drawn;  
Sleep, baby, sleep!—dream on, dream on!

Here in my arms thou calm dost rest,  
In youthful beauty art thou drest;  
Roses upon thy round cheeks blow,  
And cherries on thy red lips grow.  
Dream of the angels that watch keep  
Around thee, while in blissful sleep  
Thou'rt wrapt. Ere these sweet days are gone,  
Happily slumbering—Oh! dream on!

Dream while thou canst, ere the hard strife,  
Troubles, and cares, thou feel'st of life,  
That manhood and advancing years  
May bring to thee with bitter tears;  
While up to Heav'n thy mother's prayer  
Ascends for thy beloved welfare,  
That nought but joy may on thee dawn,  
Peacefully sleeping—still dream on!

EARNEST J. HOUGHTON.

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## WAIFS.

M. Alexandre Reichardt has arrived in London for the season.

M. Theodore Ritter, the well-known pianist, from Paris, has arrived in London.

Herr Keler Béla, music director at Wiesbaden, arrived in London, last Monday.

M. Henry Logé, the talented Belgian pianist, has arrived in London, for the season.

There is an organ appointment vacant for St. Margaret's Church, West Cowes (Isle of Wight).

A couple of parents in Pennsylvania, named Kellogg, call their child Parepa-Nilsson-Patti-Kellogg.

A competition for six Musical Scholarships, at the London Academy of Music, is announced to take place shortly.

When does a man shave with a silver razor?—When he cuts his hair off with a shilling.—To SHAVER SILVER.

Madame Sylvia Floriani, an accomplished vocalist, known in Paris as "La belle Norma," has arrived in London.

Sir Gore Ouseley's new oratorio, written for the next Hereford Festival, will be published by Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.

Miss Emilie Glover, the talented harpist, will appear at the grand concert to be given at the opening of the Exhibition in Vienna.

The action brought by Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co. against M. Gounod is expected to come on for trial about the middle of next month.

We understand that Mr. G. A. Macfarren's new oratorio, *John the Baptist*, will be performed at the Bristol Festival, under the direction of Mr. C. Hallé.

A grand concert, supported by artists from Her Majesty's Opera, and directed by Mr. Barnby, will take place in the Royal Albert Hall, on the evening of Whit-Monday.

A coloured man has sued the proprietor of the theatre in Cleveland, Ohio, for 5,000 dollars damages, for refusing to admit him to a seat in the dress-circle after he had obtained a ticket.

We believe that a grand musical entertainment, conducted by Mr. Barnby, will be offered to the Shah of Persia in the Royal Albert Hall. The proceedings are likely to have some features of special interest.

A pianoforte concerto by Mr. Thouless, and Mr. W. F. Cowen's first Symphony (C minor) will shortly be produced at the daily orchestral concerts in the Royal Albert Hall, as will the overture, *Andromeda*, by Mr. Gadsby.

Mdlle. Carola will sing in Costa's *Eli* at the Glasgow Festival, where, also, Mr. Carrodus is engaged as *chef d'attaque*. Mr. Mapleson's Italian Opera company being at Edinburgh during the Festival week, will do good service by detachments.

Still they come: The last addition to the advertising vocabulary hails from Philadelphia, wherein we are informed that a certain actor will "tragediate." If this is the manner in which Philadelphia is preparing for the Centennial, we might as well burn our dictionaries at once, and await philological chaos with the apathy of despair.—*Aradion*.

\* It is reported that Mr. John Brougham has received liberal offers from the Shah of Persia to open the new theatre at Isfahan, with his "Peachontas;" and that, in case he should go, Mr. Brougham will return via Abyssinia, playing engagements by the way. One may as well credit any report now-a-days about theatrical people, until it is authentically disputed.

A Boston lecturer, quite a connoisseur in bird-stuffing, told a droll story of himself. One day he stopped at a window where a large owl was exhibited, and remarked to a friend: "You see that there is a magnificent bird utterly ruined by unskillful stuffing. Notice the mounting. Execrable, is it not? No living owl ever roosted in that position. The eyes are fully a third larger than any owl ever had." As he thus spoke, the bird raised one foot, and solemnly winked at the critic. Moral: be careful in expressing your opinions.

A correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, writing from Rome, says that Mr. Healy "has in his studio a fine portrait of Longfellow and his daughter Edith. The poet is seated, and turning over the leaves of a book, while his daughter leans upon his shoulder and looks over the book with him. It is one of the finest likenesses of the poet I have ever seen. The expression of the face is serious and thoughtful, and yet one can see in it something of that genial courtesy and kindness of heart which make our great poet so charming to all who know him."

This is a New Orleans "musical criticism":—"There are strains in the opera that bud out timorously, and others again that blossom into perfect bouquets of ravishing sound—some evanescent and delicate as the odour of frail wild flowers; and others interpenetrating one's being with a passionate and lasting perfume."

During the performance at an English theatre recently, a decided and continued hiss was heard above the applause of the spectators. The more the audience laughed and applauded the louder the hissing became. The culprit was at length discovered to be a plethoric old gentleman upon whom an operation for tracheotomy had once been performed, necessitating the placing in the throat of a silver tube. The effect of the pipe, we are told, was that when the gentleman laughed a sound like hissing was produced, and the more the stout gentleman laughed the more he hissed.

In one of the Western States of America, a German Lutheran minister, who has a wonderful inventive and constructive genius, has for years devoted his leisure time to inventing some kind of musical instrument so simple that it will not require long practice and skilled fingers to produce the best music. He has now perfected a contrivance which can be attached to an organ or other musical instrument, and by touching the keys in regular order, commencing at the left-hand side, any tune for which it is set will be played. The attachment is as yet limited to forty tunes, but a great many more can be very easily attached.

From the moment a person, of either sex, becomes in any degree proficient in music, vocal or instrumental, he and she become possessed, seemingly, of the opinion that to them belongs all the talent in the community, and the remainder of their existence must be devoted to a watchful care, lest some upstart pretender to musical honours shall assail their position and bring reproach upon them by contact of rivalry. To ward off so dire a calamity all available means are laudable and praiseworthy, and vituperation, depreciation, concealed slander and personal insinuations, cloaked by friendly admiration, appreciative adulation, and sometimes warm friendship, are unsparingly used.

*Galignani's Messenger* of May 7 contained the following:—

"A most interesting organ performance was given on Monday afternoon by Mr. Best, the well-known player, on a magnificent instrument built expressly, by M. Cavallé-Coll, 15, Avenue du Maine, for the new Music-hall at Sheffield. This organ has been erected at a cost of £5,000, and contains 64 speaking stops, inclusive of two of the 32 feet scale. The programme was varied and of great interest, and fully showed off all the resources of this splendid work of art, and Mr. Best's playing attracted all the principal artists in Paris as well as many English visitors. Another performance is to be given this (Wednesday) afternoon, at four o'clock, by M. Widor and M. Saint-Saens, when very probably many English and American visitors, who had not previously known of the first performance, will avail themselves of this new opportunity."

The fact that there was much abuse of the press in connection with the Boston Festivals; the fact that paper and ink were to cover everything, and keep a whole nation in darkness as to defects; the fact that the press represented things in overdrawn colours, thereby aiming to make the festival a success, is a dark spot on Boston's unblemished musical history. And whom has she to thank for all this? We are glad to see Cincinnati avoid the rocks on which the Boston festivals foundered. It is the intention of Cincinnatians to continue these festivals year after year, if this one will prove a success. But why give up a good work if the beginning of it may not be a complete success? We would then have no Atlantic cable. No; let us rather say that if this fails, we'll try again and do better, until the Cincinnati Festivals shall become musical events of the first artistic magnitude. But why talk of failure with a man like Thomas at the head? Success to the Festival!—*Musical World*. (American.)

A wealthy and celebrated inventor of Baltimore is going to put on the top of his house a musical instrument to be driven by steam, and sonorous enough to make itself heard by the whole city. It is doubtful if this spirited device will increase the attractiveness of Baltimore as a residence. The head-organ performers usually supply as much outdoor music as the community require. Sometimes, indeed, this supply exceeds the demand, but the operator may be persuaded to retire by a small gratuity. Not so easily could the calliope be made to subside. The thing would roar onward obedient only to the engineer, and flood the city with music, whether it wanted it or not. A better way would be to devise some system by which each householder could turn on the music as he turns on the gas or the water. But this plan of deafening the entire city with it in season and out of season, as a few years ago certain diabolical steamboat owners deafened both shores of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers with scream-driven symphonies and fugues is one against which the Baltimoreans will doubtless protest most vigorously.

## MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

JOHN SHEPHERD.—"The Jubilant March," piano, and "Voluntaries," organ, by T. Kilner; "After Long Years," vocal, and "Little Birdie," vocal, by H. S. Roberts; "Old Soldier," quadrille, by Fitzgerald; "Figaro," galop, by E. Home.

B. WILLIAMS.—"The Enchantress," waltz, by A. Minol; "The Harvest Moon Waltzes," by W. H. Birch.

J. WILLIAMS.—"O speak not, dear Annie, so gaily," vocal, by C. E. Noverre.

WILLET & Co.—"Gone out with the Tide," vocal, by John Old; "Abide with me," vocal, and "It is not always May," vocal, by C. S. Heap.

LAMBORN COCK.—"Lov'd One," vocal, by Salaman; "Farewell," piano, and "The Dream," piano, by A. Polinski.

WEEKES & Co.—"The Lord is my Light," duet, by Sonus.

E. C. BOSSERT.—"The old man sits at his hearth alone," vocal, "There is a Garden in her face," vocal, and "Only a Dream," vocal, by E. N. Grazia; "Over we go," vocal, "Lost," vocal, and "Jack's Letter," vocal, by C. Millward; "Good News from Ghent," vocal, by Yolante; "A long Farewell," vocal, by A. D. Seales; "The School of Sorrow," sacred song, by Mina; "She like a Seraph Sings," by W. H. Cummings.

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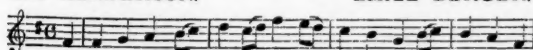
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(SONG.)

MUSIC BY

WM. HENDERSON.

EMILE BERGER.



Sweet hawthorn time—fair month of May! What joys attend thine advent gay!

Sweet hawthorn time—fair month of May!

What joys attend thine advent gay!

On every tree the birdies sing;

From hill and dale glad echoes ring;

The lark, inspir'd, to Heaven ascends,

The gurgling brook in beauty wends

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